

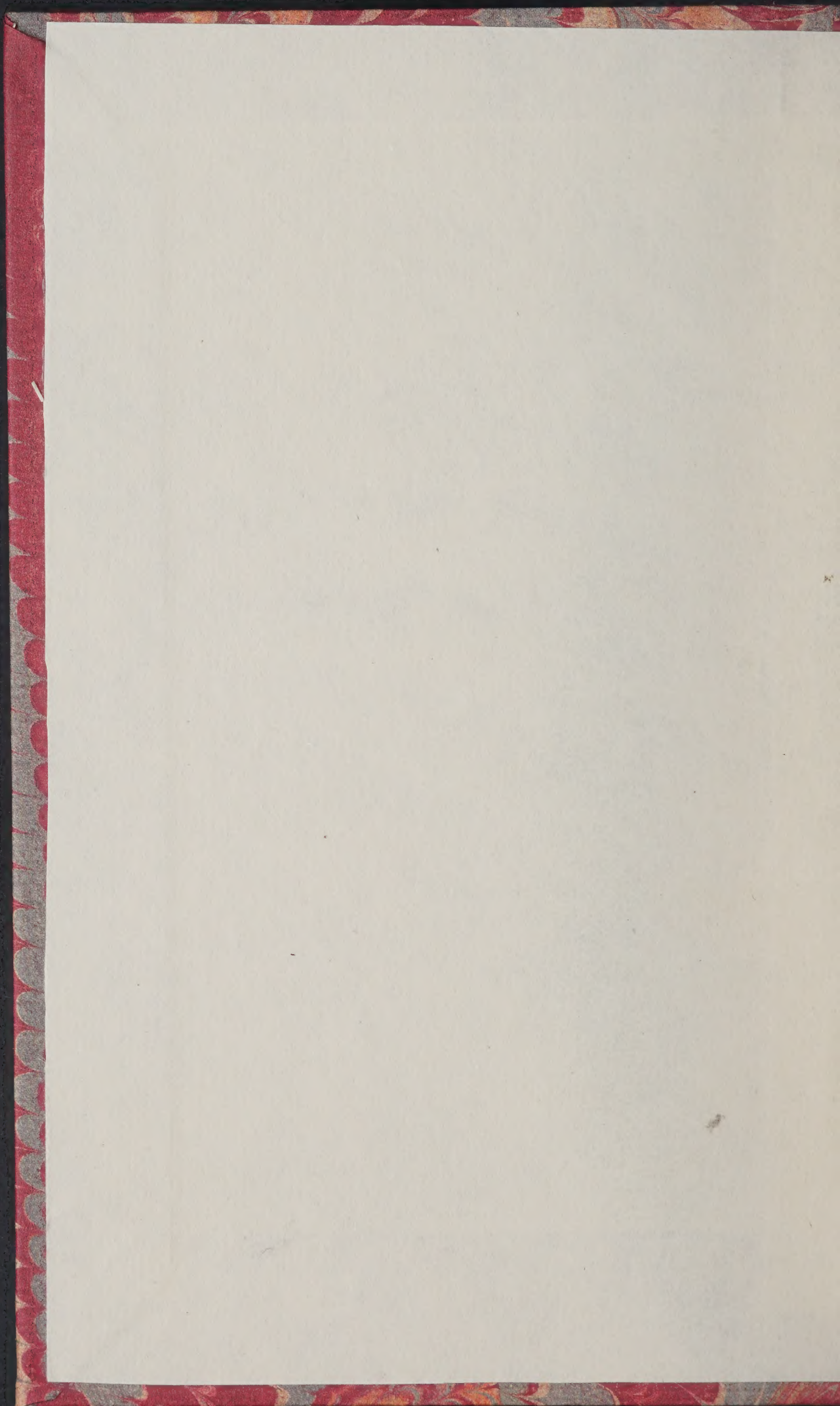


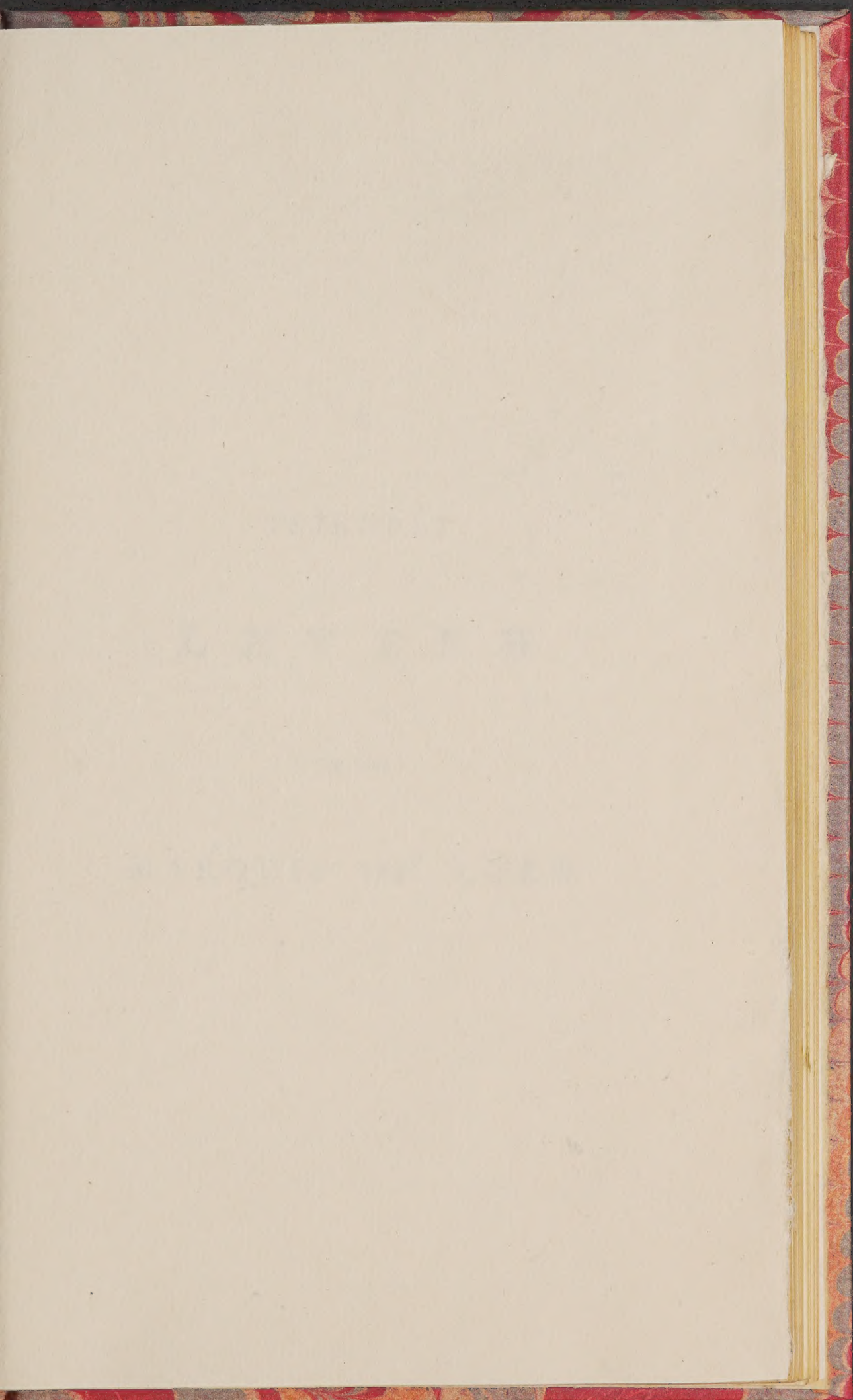


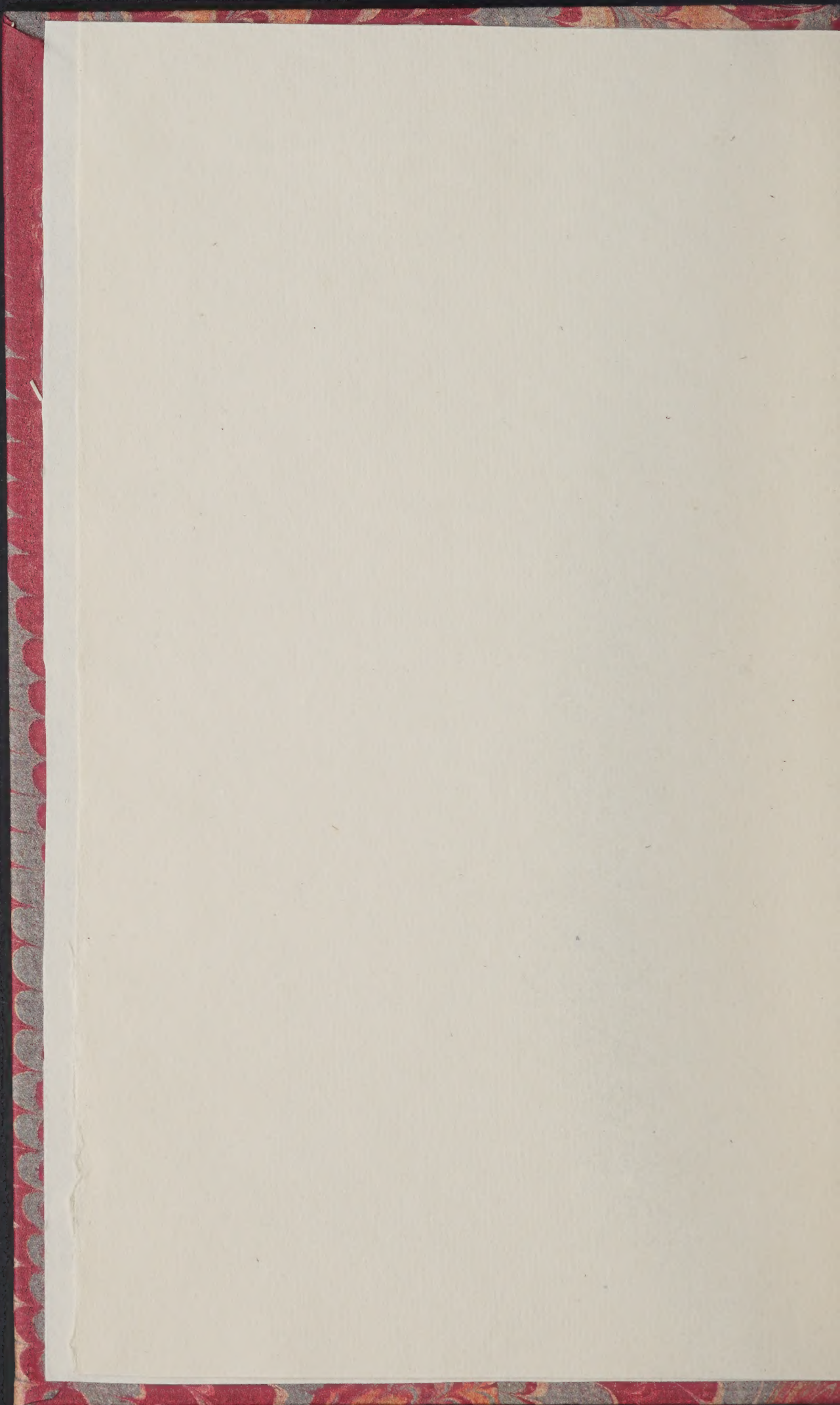












A

FRIENDLY

L E T T E R

TO THE

MARQUIS OF LORN.

REIENDY

L E T T E R

TO THE

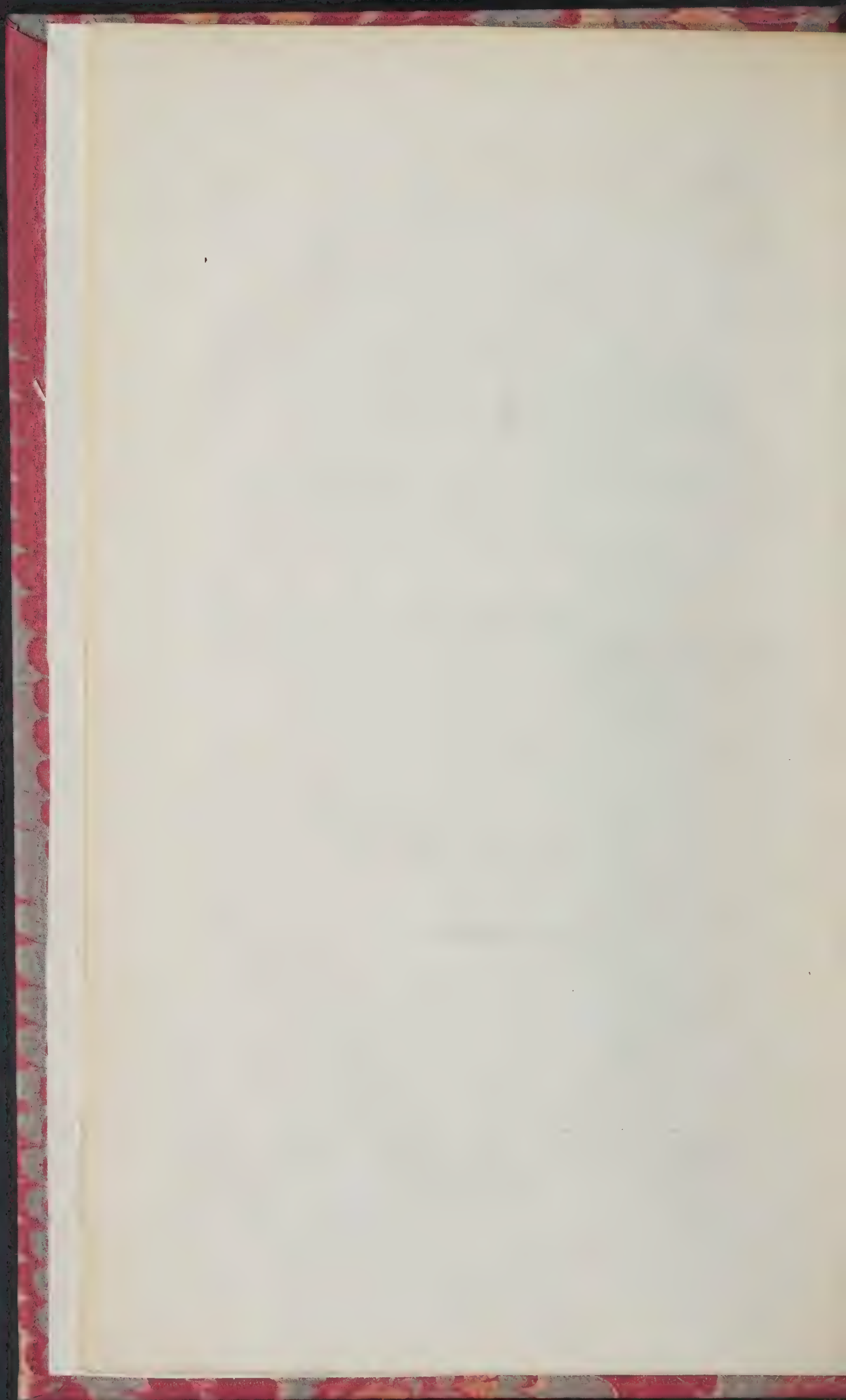
MARQUIS OF BORN

A
FRIENDLY
LETTER
TO THE
MARQUIS OF LORN,
ON THE SUBJECT OF
MRS. GUNNING'S PAMPHLET,
WITH SOME
EXPLANATIONS
OF THE
GUNNING MYSTERY
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.
BY
A KNIGHT OF CHIVALRY.

Vincit Veritas.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDGWAY, No. 1, York Street,
St. James's Square. 1791.



A F R I E N D L Y
L E T T E R, &c.

I FIND, my Lord, it is much the mode of the times, for any son of humanity or hireling scribbler, for a scholar or a blockhead, to give his opinion unasked on the present popular questions of, who is right? Who is wrong? Who is guilty? Who innocent? Who is perjured? Who not perjured? I find, too, that a man might write good or evil, sense or nonsense, without the fear of being harrassed with praise, or exposed to censure, merely by calling his work a stricture or a case; this first should have been owned by the Author, it would have done him credit: but whether the learned Barrister of Lincoln's Inn be a sound straight branch, or a rotten crooked limb from that tree of knowledge, he does well to conceal himself under its liberal shelter; and

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also finding, that without previously obtaining a great man's permission, it is the fashion to dedicate one's pamphlet to any great man one pleases, picking and chusing from all the peerage a title the most suitable to one's subject; which title, displayed in capital letters on the cover of a book, must add rapidity to the sale, and increase the profits of one's labours: for all those the foregoing weighty reasons, being my own herald, I have the honour to announce to the most noble the Marquis of Lorn, that I, a puissant knight of lineage and renown, hearing the lamentations of distressed virtue and mutilated reputation, have in her cause entered myself on the list of champions; but being in want of a faithful 'squire to fit on my armour, and occasionally to vouch for the honor of my undertaking, I humbly entreat that his Lordship will condescend to accept this office of high trust. I have three good reasons why an apology for the liberty of my request is not necessary on the present occasion: besides, what I may argue, if I wanted arguments, in favour of my modest freedom per example of the Barrister, my own independent reasons are these; first, I have the honor of knowing and being known to the Marquis of Lorn, and to every part of the Duke of Argyll's family; secondly, I am in possession of some anecdotes relative to them and to Miss Gunning, which have not appeared in any prior publication; and thirdly, I shall not only think myself entitled

entitled to Lord Lorn's best services, but to his best thanks also, if in my combat with the enemies of truth I should have the good fortune, by my own simple prowess, to rescue the name of his near relation from undue and unfounded oblique.

Nobody could feel more astonishment than I did at the disunion of General Gunning from his family, yet some circumstances had reached me before the ladies left St. James's Place, that made me expect something extraordinary would happen; for I had been an accurate but silent observer many weeks preceding the final separation, and yet the consequences of the mysterious appearances that had engaged my attention, were much more serious than any thing I supposed they could have produced, and no coquette ever wished for the destruction of a rival beauty with more impatience than I did for the publication of Mrs. Gunning's promised letter to the Duke, your father. I have never visited the mother or daughter; I have never conversed with the former, but often with the latter, when I have seen her at Argyll house, as well as in other private and public assemblies.

I took some pains to procure the first of Mrs. Gunning's public letters before it had been in the hands of a publisher; but I confess it did not

answer my expectations; it contained little, if any, information, and yet it spoke the tortures of a mother's heart so feelingly, that if I had listened to my passions merely, I should, perhaps, have imagined the world may be as well satisfied as I was of her perfect innocence, as well as of her daughter's, and that there would be no occasion for the interference of a third person; but on a second and cooler reading I changed my opinion, and a little displeasure mixed itself with my sentiments of humanity. She is not to be understood, said I pettishly; she leaves the affair wrapped in more mystery and in a more puzzling entanglement than ever; how is the world to comprehend her incomprehensible hints to the Duke of Argyll! it is enough for his Grace, probably, and it is quite enough for me, but the world must have more circumstantial, more explicit information before Mistress or Miss Gunning can expect to be acquitted by the world.

I believe I was right, when I conjectured that the Duke of Argyll would be convinced by the force of Mrs. Gunning's Letter, as it was not many days after the publication of it, that his Grace paid Twenty Guineas for an Opera subscription to accommodate Miss Gunning for the remainder of the season; but I am not certain, the ticket on which, by order of the Duke of Argyll, Miss Gunning's name had been engraved,

was

was ever presented to Miss Gunning for acceptance.

A third time I perused the distracted parent's letter, and meditated as I read; I blamed her for keeping so much to herself, and giving others so little to nibble upon. Could my blaming her have injured her affecting cause, yet recollection would have been friendly to her interest. I looked back, my Lord, to former times, and confessed it was possible Mrs. Gunning may have done well and wisely not to make the transactions which must have passed between the two families quite public; unless she should find it necessary to her daughter's honour and her own vindication. Into no other language can I construe many of her expressions; and if they have not this meaning, they have no meaning at all. When Miss Gunning's cabinet was searched for letters, by the order of her father, Mrs. Gunning says, all the letters found there were from his Grace's own family, and which she tells the Duke she had suppressed, not in the way that I now rehearse her words, but as strongly marked as woman's energy could mark it. Are those letters all from female correspondents? argued I: if so, it is ten to one their subjects are of no greater importance than apologies, caps, and anecdotes of fashion; therefore Mrs. Gunning might have marked them with less violence, and
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it would have been more to the credit of her understanding; but what shall we say, my Lord, to a woman's wild, unconnected ramblings of fancy? Yet, my Lord, I shall not accuse Mrs. Gunning of being fanciful, unless it be first proved there are no letters of greater consequence in the collection Mrs. Gunning adverts to, than those your cousin might have received from the ladies of your family, or that such letters do not contain more interesting subjects than apologies, caps, and anecdotes of fashion.

There is another letter spoken of by Mrs. Gunning with a little female asperity, one that she tells us she received on the day her daughter went to Ealing, whither she followed at a late hour the same evening. I can only collect from the description she gives of her interview with Miss Gunning on this occasion, that she left her uninformed as to the motive of her visit. The Duke of Argyll's kindness to her daughter she declares to have been a flat contradiction to the content of that letter which had so much disturbed her; doubts she certainly had entertained, in which the Duke seems to have been concerned, as she acknowledges herself to be satisfied at finding there was no abatement in his Grace's affectionate notice of Miss Gunning, which the mother could never have supposed would have been the case, if she had not been threatened in
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that same letter with the Duke's resentment; and surely it requires no very deep investigation to discover that the letter did find its way from Ealing Grove to St. James's Place: but whether written by male or female, by one of the Duke's relations, or by any person who might have been at that time a visitor in his Grace's family, we are not told by Mrs. Gunning. Now as your Lordship is connected with all the parties, it may be a matter worth your inquiries, to find out who really was the author of that letter, as Mrs. Gunning's reflection upon it is a sort of stigma on the writer, which ought to be done away, or, at least, to be settled on the character which has a claim to the censure it conveys; mischief appears to have been intended, and yet there seems to have been no immediate effects produced by the cause.

I do not mean to write quite so much in the dark as Mrs. Gunning has done, leaving my readers to grope out their path, and perhaps to run their heads against a post; whilst she, inspired by her own light, gallops away, and her ungovernable feelings, like so many wild horses, run off with every distinct idea, and scatter them at such a distance from each other, that if by the shine of my lanthorn I can pick up but two of those ideas and unite them together, many, who now set in darkness, may see the day as clearly
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as I do : on the other hand, I shall say nothing to disgust your Lordship, or to offend either party who are not predisposed to be offended with the advancement of truths and the investigations of reason. In the first class, namely, the advancement of truths, with permission, my Lord, I must be allowed to place your former approbation of the young Lady who is the subject of my immediate consideration. It is not report that shall be my conductor, report often misleads judgement ; it was five years ago when I had first the honour of seeing your Lordship in company with Miss Gunning ; I have nothing to do with report, unless my own eyes and ears are the reporters. I am not so fortunate as Lord Lorn, but I am no novice to such sort of tender impressions, as I defy a lover to disguise it under the dominion of a real passion ; time has been, and memory still is, or I should have no right to decide on a sentiment so delicate. I have been always your Lordship's friend, but never in your Lordship's confidence ; I am betraying no trust, I am serving you essentially.

Having established one fact, I shall next endeavour to demolish what has too long passed for a fact, and has not had a small share in the humiliation of a female character, that I verily believe has no fault of its own to account for, if saints and angels were to be her jurors.

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It has been whispered, it has been spoken in a loud voice, and it has also been published in letters, in pamphlets, and in newspapers, that Miss Gunning had cherished so romantic a passion for your Lordship, as never was outdone, if it ever has been equalled, by any novel-reading Miss from sixteen to sixty. This is the error which I say has too long passed, or been made to pass, on the world as a fact, and is the first monster that must be conquered, and absolutely demolished; Fame, honour, delicacy, present hopes, future expectations—have they all been sacrificed to fix a wavering attachment, or, as it has been expressed, to give a spur to expiring affection? No, my Lord, such sacrifices would have been superfluous; the most learned in the science of the heart have never foreseen any danger of that sort in the coldest paroxysm of your Lordship's disorder—the idea, to be sure, is flattering; for had such sacrifices been really made, there is not a Marquis in the kingdom but might have been flattered by them, provided he could overlook the want of every thing but love in the fond composition of his mistress. What Marquis, English or Scots, but must have been transported to see himself the subject of so much love as is displayed in the eloquent letters produced by Mrs. Bowen; in which she has declared so sweetly, so pathetically, so very lady-like, that all the apology she has to plead for her weakness is the ex-

treme amiableness of her lover; nothing seems wanting to make it the completest composition that ever tickled the heart of a Marquis, but the authenticity of the composer. It is of no consequence to my undertaking to find out the person who did write it; it is enough for me to know that Miss Gunning can have no possible claim to the honour of writing it, or even of being consulted when it was written; therefore let the rest of the world scramble to catch the credit of it, I shall give them no interruption—whose ever share it may fall to, let them set it down on the catalogue of their other perfections.

In my vindication of Miss Gunning, I have consulted the feelings of your Lordship, and shall continue to consult them. I know all that you would say, could I have the honour of a private conversation with you on the subject. You would tell me, she was your relation, your own dear Cousin, and that the very ties of consanguinity made you tremble for the situation so full of horrors into which her enemies, for what reasons you do not know, had most inhumanly involved your near and dear relative.—Courage, my Lord, I hear your complaint, admire your honourable impatience under the unmerited sufferings of so much innocence, so much loveliness, and it shall be done for your sake as well as for her sake—it shall be done; the eyes of a sleepy world shall be

be opened to the wrongs she has sustained; the rod is in my hand, but I will use it with caution.

I am a plain, odd, whimsical man, independent of all wills but my own—I want no man's fortune, I court no man's interest; and as to ladies' smiles, they would rather burthen than please me. I remember well enough what love was, I can guess what it is, but have had nothing to do with the troublesome torment these twenty years. If, my Lord, for want of later experience in such matters, I should in my struggle to rescue the fame of your Cousin, act the bungler, and thereby give a scratch or even a wound to your Lordship's vanity, weigh the offence against the occasion, and your vanity will not reproach me. I mean to be friendly; I am not your enemy; the very task I have voluntarily entered upon is a proof of my friendship. I am the enemy of no man, nor would be the friend of any woman who I did not at least suppose worthy of my approbation and protection—I have not bestowed lightly either the one or the other on the lady in question—I have not contented myself with Miss Gunning's town character, where dancing, singing, and a pretty nack at finding out what to do next, is the employment of most young ladies. I saw and talked often to her; but I would not trust the evidence of my own senses, neither

would I fasten my faith on the very exalted character given of her by Mrs. Gunning in her unintelligible letter: mothers, particularly foolish mothers, are always partial; but I forgive them, not having many such to complain of. There is nothing on earth more easy than to satisfy an honest curiosity, when the subject of it is not wrapt up like the Gunning business, in manifold wonders and tenfold mysteries. Young men and young women meet each other *en passant* in the high road of fashion; where all sorts of fashionable people meet together; some racing, some galloping, some on a brisk canter, some on a long trot; but one sober-faced poney, mounted by a sober-minded girl, is such a novelty as I have seldom passed by in my little excursions up and down through this same road of pleasure and dissipation. It was here I met Miss Gunning, and my good wishes followed her steps; she neither raced nor galloped, cantered nor trotted, but went steadily along, and without seeking attention, she engaged it. Because I liked what I had seen of Miss Gunning in London, and because from my soul I acquitted her of the treacherous accusations when they were first brought out against her, and for other reasons in which your Lordship was concerned, I had the most invincible curiosity to dive as deep as I could for such parts of her character as did not appear upon the surface of her conduct, and, as I have
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observed before, that nothing is more easy than to satisfy an honest curiosity, I found no difficulty in the gratification of mine. I know well the places where the Gunnings have at different times resided, and diligently inquired what sort of fame Miss Gunning had established amongst her country neighbours. I did not confine my ideas to neighbours of rank and riches; limited virtues are no recommendations to my good opinion; those who limit them have no more right to my approbation, than a man has to my praise who is not quite so wicked as he might have been. Mrs. Gunning had not been partial to her daughter, and my inquisitive humour cost me more than I am willing to acknowledge.—I will be thy friend, dear girl; I will protect thee, said I—thou seemest to have a claim on all hearts, yet not one of them is stout enough to risk a few words, or venture a few honest sentiments, to combat thy difficulties!—At that time the strictures on Mrs. Gunning's Letter to the Duke of Argyll, by an unknown writer, had not appeared in the world, or I would have made that one exception.

Every paper that came from the press my eager eyes ran over in a partial hurry, in search of that name to which I had, in my own obstinate, and, in the present case, immutable opinion, affixed truth, honour, delicacy, and charity, in all its extensive meanings—I found it; but, alas!

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my Lord, too often clogged by very different appendages than those I had annexed to it; and your Lordship's title, so unfortunately calculated for a pun at your injured Cousin's expence, was so very frequently used, that, undoubtedly, you must have been afflicted beyond what fell to my portion.—I was a spectator, and although interested by compassion and justice to feel the insult offered to innocence in the person of Miss Gunning, I had no additional reason to augment my regrets. Miss Gunning was not my Cousin; I had not looked up to her as the mistress of my fate; Miss Gunning, my Lord, was of your house; draw no farther inference, your tortures must have been insupportable!

The deceptions so fatal to Miss Gunning's peace have brought no increase of satisfaction to Lord Lorn, and the blows levelled at her reputation have added no glory to those who aimed them: the tender epistles of which she was the supposed writer, so favourable to your Lordship, so unfavorable to herself, if she had written them; let me inquire with all the wisdom of a casuist, what her visible or invisible motives could have been for so doing: she had cherished a hidden flame, as the women call it, for your Lordship: I have nothing to argue against this—but that Miss Gunning had, many months before the publication of these letters, engaged her hand, and
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of course her heart, to another, which may not be thought a very light reason against their authenticity by those who know Miss Gunning, and whose sentiments of sincerity and delicacy are not perfectly discordant to those of Miss Gunning.—Again; it has been said, that the hidden flame cherished by your tender-hearted Cousin was unfought, undesired, and, I think I have heard, it was even offensive to your Lordship. Observe, my Lord, I give no more credit to your reputed indifference for Miss Gunning, than for her partiality in your favour; a stronger negative it is not in my power to pronounce; I am willing to take up this strange affair, even with the very face that it has pleased the world to contemplate with so much joyful avidity.—Well then, Miss Gunning has been dying for the Marquis of Lorn, and the Marquis of Lorn does not care a cross-bow for Miss Gunning; she will marry him, he will not marry her: I think this a near copy of the original picture, at least as it was held up to me by a score of as pretty little creatures as ever interfered in the exhibition of another pretty little creature's reputation; to confirm the tale of disgrace and the lady's intrepidity, the imputation of lies is added to folly; she makes a confidant of the celebrated lady of the celebrated Captain Bowen, writes letters to her, wherein she telleth many lies, and thereby maketh the simple lady believe, that the passion so troublesome to her
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tender bosom, is equally so to Lord Lorn, and that their love is entirely mutual, and that there was but one impediment to her felicity, viz. the disapprobation of her mother, whose partiality for another admirer is lamentably and grievously complained of by the distressed damsel.

When a man writes for the drama, it is thought convenient to sketch out, before he begins upon his piece, what the professors of the sock call a skeleton, by means of which the author adapts his characters to the capacity of such as are to perform in them; an excellent method to prevent blunders, for then he does not put his polished hero in the hands of a player, who has been used only to parts of low cunning, or commit his man of courage to one whose walk has been that of a bravo; his tender, gentle, and modest heroine does not fall to her who would shine as a courtesan; and if a confidant is necessary to his fable, he will not bestow it on a feeble genius, but look out for an actress of some spirit and execution. The authors of the tragedy that has so lately been rehearsed on the stage of the world, should have considered this, their fable could not succeed without such a skeleton, as it is, the parts have been all wrong cast. Miss Gunning, of all the capricious sex that I have the honour to recognize, no disparagement to the rest, is the very standard of her sex's modesty;
true,

true, her fame is defaced in the part that has been acted for her, but stands fair and correct in the book where it is written; why so amiable and graceful a character should be so deformed and mutilated in the representation, not being enabled by facts to speak confidently, I mean not to speak at all; for were I to dive for the mysterious motive, I have only my own surmises to go by; former attachments, my Lord, brought in at this period of the business, would answer no end in the world. What, in the name of folly, did the projectors of Miss Gunning's tenderness for her Cousin, the Marquis of Lorn, intend by making her say and making her write, that the marriage was to be completed? Did they suppose such contrarieties would gain credit out of their own select party? I wish I could say it had not gained admittance into other circles; but to whom or to what is owing this good luck? Not to any thing in the world but a sort of sentiment that has no connection with candour, the benefits of which disposition are not entirely confined to themselves. Here are two distinct Miss Gunnings; one, as it has pleased God to make her, sensible, delicate, unenterprising; the other, as it hath pleased woman to make her, a desperate fool, a loving fool, and a fool of infinite machinations.

If it had been meant to make it understood that Miss Gunning was to become the wife of Lord Lorn with his own approbation, they must certainly have understood each other, and a confidant would have been useless; would such a mother as Mrs. Gunning have refused to complete the happiness (even in her own perverse way) of her beloved, her darling, her angel child?—Nonsensical woman! but let that pass, I hate to have my humour discomposed by an old female; on the contrary, if they would have it believed that the young lady was resolute and determined to marry the Marquis against his inclinations and without his consent, the undertaking was of so bold a nature, as requires a clearer explanation than any that I have met with in Mrs. Bowen's Collection of Letters, or Captain Bowen's modest Statement of Facts.

I am an inquisitive man and a man of method, I therefore cannot readily forgive the want of it in other people; why, after taking all these pains to lay out plots and traps for the lady, as if she had laid them out and set them with her own hands; why, I say, were we not informed what would have been her next step? The lady was in pursuit of a husband, as it has been said. Was she to go backwards or forwards, to the right or to the left, or was she to have stood stock still, after having leaped the barriers of decorum?

Feats

Feats of this description are often executed by others with less timidity than Miss Gunning would meet a respectful glance from the eyes of an admirer. One of those sort of ready-made wives was once my torment for six months: it happened when I could run better than I can now; my alertness saved me, and I buried my corpse deep in the country, till I heard she had run down a husband less able to take care of himself than I was, and my resurrection followed of course.

I say, it should have been determined, and it ought to have been manifested, what was farther to be done by Miss Gunning, had not the conscientious confidant betrayed to more than herself the trust she had reposed in herself, and thereby brought on an unearned disgrace and premature banishment. Your Lordship can best tell, whether you was to have led Miss Gunning, or if she was to have dragged your Lordship to the altar; whether you was with prayers and tears to have persuaded her to a Gretna Green trip, or whether she was to have seized upon your person, lifted you into a chaise, and carried you there by force; all these interesting particulars should not, I say, been left undetermined: if, indeed, she had resolved, or rather, had it been resolved for her, that Miss Gunning was to have laid violent hands upon your Lordship, and upon your Lordship's liberty, I shall, on that supposition, take

leave to congratulate your hair-breadth escape from having one wife too many; any wife must be a supernumerary, who does not happen to be of a man's own chusing.

Why, my Lord, have your insidious flatterers deceived you? And why have you permitted the deception to be passed upon the Public? It has been attended with dreadful consequences; and if I do not wound your vanity, innocence may bleed itself to death!!!

Of all the inventions that have been propagated to Miss Gunning's disadvantage, there is not one of them more calculated for the destruction of her fame, or more extensive in its pernicious effects, than the imputation of her entertaining a partiality for the Marquis of Lorn; such a preference in any other young and disengaged lady might have been esteemed a proof of good taste and discernment; but in Miss Gunning's situation I would call it a reproach, from which she never could have been separated.—This supposed love, for which I authoritatively pronounce there was no foundation, has been the root of all the other evils. Let the name of Lord Lorn be eradicated from those letters first in the possession of Mrs. Bowen, now in the hands of the Public; let that single name be extracted from them, and there is an end at once of every other charge

charge brought against her; the cause removed, the effects must cease: if the most unwomanly meannesses had been condescended to, if such were followed by crimes, Lord Lorn is the person for whose sake they were committed; Lord Lorn is the only ostensible cause for Miss Gunning's supposed sacrifices, both on earth and in heaven; the very people who have written these letters, have in her name used no other plea for the extremes of duplicity and disobedience, but love for Lord Lorn and the amiableness of Lord Lorn, and on this one charge hangs every other complicated accusation: this is the poisoned root, and I would have it dug up, if it had sprung from the center of the earth.

I have pronounced, and that authoritatively, my Lord, that Miss Gunning had not any thing but the most perfect good wishes and the most invincible indifference for your Lordship at the time, and I may with the same candour declare, long before any of these letters might have been written or did make their appearance, no matter how I came by my authority, it is honest and sterling; if I was to go a round-about way, and make a round-about story of it, I should but increase the trouble I have already occasioned to your Lordship. I never shall be afraid of speaking too freely to a person of Lord Lorn's liberal sentiments, particularly where the re-establishment
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of health of body and peace of mind to the most amiable woman in the world is concerned—I must do justice, but I would avoid giving offence; no man has admired Lord Lorn's qualifications more than I have done in the performance of my official office; I have nothing to do with partialities, nor shall withhold any thing I ought to say for old acquaintance sake.—I do say, and say it boldly, as man should speak to man, you have never for a moment supposed Miss Gunning guilty of writing love letters about you. It was impossible that your credulity could have been imposed upon by a parcel of bombastic nonsense and rhodomontade; there were none but fools and rogues that would have even seemed to believe them the production of your Cousin. You, my Lord, who have known her from her earliest childhood, I should imagine you are not the only person in the world to find out faults in the dispositions of her mind; on the contrary, I should suppose you must have witnessed some of these traits which have secured her so many friends, and having seen them, that you, at least, was secure from the influence of so wretched, so poor, an imposition, as has been practised against her fame, and against her happiness. In the multitude of her friends she can find no redress; they are not of consequence enough to stand forth in opposition to lords, ladies, and great men; they, poor souls, have nothing to stop the progress of
rumour

rumour but their tears, and no language to persuade, but the rhetoric of simple nature; they would serve her if they could, and their own salvation is not prayed for with more fervency of devotion, than the preservation of their endearing young friend and gentle benefactress; I love human nature the better for their sakes. The power to serve her, and the will to do it, belongs only to me; and I should have set about it long before now, but a fit of rage, that was succeeded by a fit of the spleen, that was followed by a dastardly fit of a scoundrel ague, has for more than six weeks hindered me from applying the materials I am furnished with to the uses for which I collected them.

Now I should hope, and I did suppose, that in a Christian country, unless all the inhabitants thereof were nominally only of that persuasion, Miss Gunning's single affidavit would not have been considered quite so light as a feather, though weighed against a dozen such as were afterwards made for the occasion. Captain Bowen swears, and Mrs. Bowen swears, their man servant hath sworn, and their maid servant hath sworn; and I have taken some pains to put the real meaning of these scattered oaths together after a new and compact manner—first; John Dean, servant to Miss Gunning, did deliver a packet and message from said Miss Gunning to said Mrs. Bowen's
maid

maid servant, to be by her conveyed and reported to her said mistress, on the 1st day of February, 1791:—secondly; that Miss Gunning was at Mrs. Bowen's lodgings, Sunday, the 6th of February:—and thirdly; that she did then and there write two letters, which letters were on the same day delivered to Mrs. Gunning. These affidavits may be called the leaders to and supporters of the very circumstantial one made by Captain Bowen, to prove that the letter for which he had borrowed the Duke of Marlborough's signature, was written at the request of Miss Gunning. I am ready to allow all the credit to the affidavits on this side of the question that Captain Bowen himself can suppose they deserve; he does not entertain an higher opinion of their truth than I do: but notwithstanding this declaration, I cannot, according to my notions of justice, refuse to acknowledge, that John Dean, servant to Miss Gunning, has also sworn, that he never carried a packet or message to Mrs. Bowen in his life from or by the order of Miss Gunning; that he never attended her to Mrs. Bowen's lodgings, but when she was in the carriage with her mother, aunt, or both; and that he has never at any time seen her go into or come out of Mrs. Bowen's lodgings. From the same just motive I cannot but take notice that Mrs. Gunning, Miss Minifie, and Miss Gunning's two chairmen for that day, as well as John Dean, have

have on oath convinced us of the impossibility that Miss Gunning could have been at Mrs. Bowen's lodgings Sunday the 6th of February; and if she was not there, to a certainty she did not there write these two letters; and if she did not write these two identical letters, what other letters may she have been supposed to have written?—What then becomes of all her tender declarations for the Marquis? What becomes of the very foundation of her request to have a Marlborough letter prepared for her uses, if her love for the amiable Marquis had not been ascertained? The subterfuge would have been inapplicable; and if she was not the writer of any letters to Mrs. Bowen, the bill must be altogether protested, as obtained under fraudulent pretences. I will not throw away my animadversions, which may serve in another place, where there is no occasion to display them; the published affidavits speak stronger for themselves than all the commentators on the face of the earth could speak for them; I have only brought them together for the inspection of your Lordship, or any other of my speculative readers.

There are lords and ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, who may think well of my undertaking: but which of them all will feel that intense pleasure, that ardency of sensibility, that divine glow of gratitude, which must inspire the whole

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foul of your Lordship, when you see success crowning me in the future as well as present part of my combat; when you shall behold the obscured innocence of your oppressed Cousin so fully exemplified, that devils themselves shall henceforth tremble if but in imagination they should form another attempt to blacken it?

The motto on my breastplate is simply this, *Truth conquers*; and in all skirmishes, tilting bouts, and pitched battles, it has been the friend of my cause, and brought me off with victory; it was handed down to me through ninety-nine generations, and has acquired no rust in my possession. I consult it as my oracle, and if it strikes my breast forcibly, I understand the signal and proceed vigorously, though a thousand hydra-headed falsehoods in the most monstrous shapes were the enemy to be encountered. The present crusade, in point of numbers and quality, may be terrific to a less guarded knight, but the breast stroke of victory throws them into mere shadows—an injured woman is the word; and I would rather conquer in a cause like this, than subdue the whole pagan world. Besides, being a knight by inclination, I am a philosopher by constitution, and philosophy is no bad auxiliary to disentangle the most confused entanglement of charges that ever left-handed mischief tied together; Sir Isaac Newton, with all his family of sun, moon, and

And stars, would have been puzzled to undo them. What could make such a complication of inconsistencies, as the different reports that were in circulation at the same period of time, and through the same channel, that Miss Gunning was writing love letters about Lord Lorn—love letters to Lord Blandford, and love letters from Lord Blandford !

The first charge being effectually done away, viz. that Miss Gunning did not burden your Lordship with any part of her affection, as had been most falsely reported, we must therefore, leaving her the sole mistress of them, to bestow when and on whom she pleases, next examine into the probability of her having played off the same tricks and cunning artifices to incommode the Marquis of Blandford, not, perhaps, by the same means, yet with the same wicked intentions that had before instigated her to harass your Lordship, which I am calmly surveying at a distance, this giant of monstrous magnitude. I propose to amuse myself with a remark or two on the Case of Miss Gunning, impartially stated and discussed by a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and addressed to the Marquis of Blandford ; but first I must acknowledge my obligations to this worthy Barrister, being indebted to him for the hint that the title of Marquis on the cover of a book, and stuck up against a publisher's window in St.

James's Street, is no passport to the pockets of the fashionable passengers; the plan is a good one, and I have adopted it, but with a more manly and honourable view than that of reaping pecuniary advantages—the service this publication of real facts may be to your Cousin, my Lord, is at the very bottom of my motive; I shall be gratified to owe many purchasers to the honour of your Lordship's name; and I hope I may, without presuming too much on the nature of my undertaking, also intreat the distinguishing favour of your recommendation to further the sale. I have assured your Lordship, I have nothing in view but to serve your Cousin; yet the poorest mortal that ever wrote for his daily bread would rejoice less than I shall do, if the sale of my book should answer my sanguine wishes—every purchaser, say I, will be a reader, every reader will be convinced, and every convinced reader will become the friend of truth, who may otherwise be fighting on the side of falsehood against truth, and against Miss Gunning.

When a great man is engaged on history writing, ancient or modern, he longeth for information, and if by means of a private library, or private friend, he getteth intelligence, it rejoiceth his spirit; and I should be glad if any kind friend to me or to my subject would inform me, whether
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the opinion of this learned Barrister be his travelling or his chamber opinion; that is to say, whether he gives it without a fee, or whether he is paid for giving it; the gentleman may be an excellent lawyer, but a bad casuist; his head may be stuffed with arguments, and his tongue hung round with eloquence, which for want of utterance remaineth to himself, whereby his hearers and his readers continue in scarceness; moreover, he hath robbed another to enrich his own labours, for are not all the strength of his arguments and consistency of his ideas to be found in a letter from Mrs. Bowen, addressed to her friend Miss Gunning, soon after she had removed from St. James's Place to Pall-mall?—Now critics there undoubtedly are, I mean, ill-conditioned critics, who from the very worst motives in the world, having discovered a plagiarist in the works of a brother writer, would exultingly have held it up to public view, whereas, that I am forced to do it is my misfortune—whenever a plagiarist falls in my way, I compare myself to a man cursed with the second sight, who seeing a spectre, is by a something of supernatural impulse impelled to declare it to the very person most concerned in the tragedy.

So far, says this learned Barrister in his Impartial Statement of the case in question, so far as the epistolary fabricator goes, I am ready to pardon
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and forget—Why, Mr. — I was going to blunder out thy name; I could write it, I would but rest it in peace, it will do thee no credit or me service; I say, Mr. Barrister, that your being so ready to pardon and forget is very merciful, and a mighty gracious sentiment, but rather, in my unlearned opinion, more like the language of a lover than a lawyer; a lover I know thou art not, but then thou mightest, nevertheless, be the vehicle of a lover's professions. And how darest thou, bold Barrister, take upon thyself the office of Heaven, and dispense pardon, when, if the offences of which thou accusest Miss Gunning were founded in truth, the crime, at least to man, would in its own nature be unpardonable—My friend, my friend, thou hast lighted thy lamp of mercy at the flame that streams from the pen of Mrs. Bowen.

I am ready, says this same Barrister, addressing himself to the Marquis of Blandford, I am ready to pardon and forget the epistolary fabricator, not doubting but similar contrivances are daily formed and carried into execution amongst people of rank, and perhaps for the same purpose, to create a pleasing topic of conversation amongst the circle of the propagator's acquaintance, in which she figures as the happy heroine.—If people of rank should happen to be of the same mind with me, thou wilt never have a brief from
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one of them to thy dying day.—The Barrister goes on; let every one, my Lord, appeal to his own experience; let every one ask his own bosom, if he has not known many instances of the kind, which have been circulated for the moment, and on which they have courted and received the congratulations of the public, though the lady, whose imagination gave birth to the tale, well knows there was no foundation for it, and only sought the enjoyment of temporary felicitation.

Might not the word memory have been applied to the excellent Barrister in his reference to the noble Marquis, as fitly as the word bosom? The latter expression had nearly led me into the error of supposing he meant to bring the same imputation against Lord Blandford, that he was also labouring to fix on Miss Gunning, but happily the term lady, that follows soon after, puts his meaning out of dispute.

There then is a direct charge brought against Miss Gunning, of forming and carrying into execution a plan to make it be believed in the circle of fashion, that she had engaged the affections, and was the destined wife of the Marquis of Blandford, which flattering ideas had originated in her own imagination, and been propagated by the force and machinations of her own vanity,
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without even the common excuse to plead, of ever having been honoured by your Lordship with any of those little tender attentions, which are generally considered by the ladies as the harbingers of more serious proposals; that having first sent about the report of her good fortune, she had afterwards recourse to all manner of absurdities to support the tale of invention. Pure and immaculate innocence! forgive thy faithful knight, if he should trample over the dignity of thy nature in his way to victory; facts must be exposed, at which thy delicacy will recoil; I would spare thee every humiliation that I could spare thee, but there is no round-about way: I must go straight forwards, and produce, even at the expence of thy feelings, all the information I have collected with much diligence, and all the knowledge I possess, in my own right.

Lord Lorn must allow how necessary it was, that I should entirely remove the error, flattering as it must have been to your Lordship, of Miss Gunning's prepossession in your favour; for how, in the name of possibility, could we have made the lady answerable for two such opposite extremes, as expressing a passion by letters for your Lordship, yet accepting the addresses of Lord Blandford with a steady and marked preference, writing confidentially to Mrs. Bowen, that she was to be the wife of Lord Lorn, yet waiting,
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and some say anxiously, for the arrival of Lord Blandford in town, to make his Lordship the master of her destiny? Had the first error been suffered to remain, how was any other difficulty to be done away? It is my method to speak to the point: I may run the risk of offending your Lordship, and, perhaps, of displeasing Lord Blandford, by my plain dealing, but I am injuring no man; I am only defending a defenceless woman: I will not retract from any thing I have advanced, but shall hold myself answerable for the consequences, if the freedom of my applications, which are most honestly intended, should be misconstrued, or unfavorably received by both or either of the noble Marquisses,

The accusations brought against Miss Gunning, hitherto much to the disadvantage of her interest, have appeared in one confused heap, and so huddled together, that it has cost me no little trouble to separate them; and now that I have I have got the better of this difficulty, I shall take them up singly, as announced by my memory, for examination and for confutation.

The first printed letter, called a forgery of Miss Gunning's, consisting of two lines, and to which the Duke of Marlborough's name is affixed, being without a meaning, I shall not attempt to give it one, but consign it over to oblivion, for

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the sake of the writer, be it whom it may; that it was not the production of your Cousin, my Lord, is fully established by the evidence of eight affidavits, and none of them subjected to suspicion, from there not being one doubtful character amongst the attestors, to disgrace the body collectively.

The next letter,* which is also called a forgery of Miss Gunning's, and published as such, carries likewise the signature of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and is addressed to General Gunning, both its purport and the consequences by which it has been attended, makes it not only worthy examination, but demands a serious scrutiny; I shall not here burden my readers with the republication of this curiously constructed letter, because it may be found in Captain Bowen's Statement of Facts, ratified by his own affidavit; no doubt this letter will fix an everlasting stigma on somebody or other, and whoever wrote it, may it fall on the head of the writer.—Mrs. Gunning, in her letter to the Duke of Argyll, is more comprehensible on this particular subject, than she is generally understood to be, or else it is owing to my own inquisitive genius, that I am willing to allow her this credit; for having myself acquired some leading circumstances, makes me suppose I understand her meaning, which, but from my own private knowledge, would be

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as mysterious to me, as it has been to the rest of the inquiring multitude; the authentic anecdotes in my possession shall in good time be displayed, that others may understand Mrs. Gunning's memorandum of the 3d of February as well as I do; the more my anecdotes are considered and canvassed, the more their truths will be made visible, and the deeper they will carry conviction.

Mrs. Gunning says her husband sends off a letter to Blenheim, which he had written in his dressing-room, and not shewn the contents of it to any part of his family; by affidavit of William Pearce, groom to General Gunning, we are informed, that the letter written by his master, was taken up by Miss Gunning, together with other papers, (I conclude he means the Narrative, which will be spoken of in its proper place) and that the letter produced and sworn to by Captain Bowen, as written by himself at the request of Miss Gunning, was substituted in the place of those papers he had before received from the hands of the father, and given up at the intreaties of the daughter, for the most fraudulent purposes: the affidavit goes on to shew us, that William Pearce was ordered by Hannah Hales, servant to Miss Gunning, to attend in her lady's chamber; that he obeyed the command, and was corrupted to give up one letter and take

another: an honest servant is a treasure, and though the groom did depart from his duty, he makes us understand it was with much persuasion on the part of Miss Gunning and a very decent resistance of his own.

Having abstracted what is necessary to my purpose from the wonderful affidavit of William Pearce, groom to General Gunning, I cannot but again observe, that the lady's own solemn attestation, the date of which is even prior to that of the groom's, had invalidated the latter, and fixed the most wavering opinions; but when I have put the same question to those who do not wish Miss Gunning quite so well as I do, it has been answered, why, to be sure, there is some shew of reason in your remark; but then there are so many affidavits to confirm her guilt, and only her own to support her innocence, that, upon my word, though I grieve to see one of my sex degraded, it is impossible not to credit the evidences of so many; and a gentleman whose name, on inquiry, I found to be Campbell, on my saying something like it in a certain assembly, of which he happens to be a member, observed with admirable liberality of sentiment, that a young lady may be supposed readily enough to make a sacrifice of future prospects to the present gratification of her love and vanity: at this
time

time the counter affidavits had not made their appearance.

Those counter affidavits have since been published, and no public justice has yet been done to Miss Gunning's character; now it is my sage opinion, that if a lady loses her fame by proclamation, it is not fair that it should be restored to her in a whisper, which I find many are inclined to do; but I hope to convince your Lordship and the world that I am not one of the many.

What becomes of the groom's affidavit when opposed to those of Miss Gunning's two servants, Hannah Hales and John Dean; the first in direct terms fully and unequivocally denies that she has ever carried any message from her mistress to William Pearce the groom. How then could she order him to Miss Gunning's apartment on the morning he was sent by his master to Blenheim, or afterwards go from her mistress to him with the offer of a bribe, viz. twenty pounds a year for life if he, the deponent, would take his oath that he had not delivered the papers that had been delivered to him by General Gunning to Miss Gunning. The enemies of that lady have said in opposition to her own oath being valid, that fear, shame, and love may have been the cause of such an act of desperation—but is there fear, shame, or love to be argued as a cause

cause why Hannah Hales should forfeit her claims to Heaven by taking a part in the perjuries of her mistress: this young woman's oath I recommend to the same critical examination of others, that I have bestowed upon it myself, and they will be as much convinced as I am, that it is not made up to serve a disgraceful purpose, but a voluntary, honest declaration in the support of truth; the affidavit of Miss Gunning's footman, John Dean, is as strongly and circumstantially marked to carry with it the same upright motive.

Hannah Hales, by her own account, hath lived with General Gunning's daughter many years, being appointed to attend on her when she was a child; and where is there to be found another such instance, as a chamber-maid's oath on record, who having lived with a young lady, and a handsome young lady, from the age of infancy to that of maturity, in all that time has never been employed to carry a tender billet, or charged with the delivery of a confidential message? such an instance is honourable to the lady's character, and creditable to that of her fille de chambre.

I have seen Hannah Hales more than once at Argyll house, and if appearances are to be trusted, I should judge, from the comeliness of her figure and the youthfulness of her countenance,
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that she must have entered very young into the service of Mrs. Gunning; and though I may not altogether approve of that lady's confused, agitated letter to the Duke of Argyll, yet in that she shews us enough of her heart to form a reasonable conjecture, that she must have been particularly cautious concerning the principles and morals of any woman she should place about the person of a child so amiable, so beloved, and on the culture of whose mind it is fully evident the fond mother had bestowed unremitting diligence. I have not now the honour of addressing my observations to the Marquis of Lorn, but to such of my readers who are less acquainted than his Lordship can possibly be with the propriety of Mrs. Gunning's maternal character; and by which they will find it easy to form a judgement how much to credit, without offence to the most tender conscience, may be allowed to the validity of Hannah Hales's counter affidavit.

William Pearce, groom to General Gunning, hath also sworn, that Miss Gunning, being in her father's carriage, and attended by her servant, John Dean, overtook the said deponent in Piccadilly, and that she called him to the carriage, and said to him, You must stand to it, and if you are called upon, you must say you will take your oath of it, or used words to that or the like effect: he then adds, what he understood to be

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Miss Gunning's meaning by using these words, and continueth his deposition after the manner following: That the said John Dean mentioned to him the said deponent after he came home, that he had heard what Miss Gunning said to him this deponent from the carriage, and that the said John Dean told this deponent, that he, John, had afterwards stopped the carriage, and spoke to Miss Gunning about the matter: That the said John Dean told this deponent, that he, John, might be brought into as great premunire as this deponent; that he expected and looked for it: That this deponent understands John to have meant something about a note which Miss Gunning had sent by John to Mrs. Bowen.

I have already had occasion to refer to the counter affidavit of John Dean, to prove that he never had, on any occasion, delivered note or letter from Miss Gunning to Mrs. Bowen, and I now take it up again to prove, under the same authority of an oath, that John Dean declareth, that he never spoke to said William Pearce, the groom, about any thing concerning Miss Gunning in his life.—Let a man's character be good or bad, it is a maxim of mine not to meddle with it before I have better ground to stand upon than the report of others, who, perhaps, know no more of the matter than I do; he who praises, because many have praised, may over do
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the thing, and is not far from being a skipken-
nel; but he who suffers his judgment to be mis-
led, so that when an honest man passes by, he
calls out, there goes a knave, is not much be-
hind hand with a liar of the worst description. I
have inquired into the character of John Dean,
and John Dean passes for an honest man, without
one bad action, that I can hear of, to contradict
his good name.

I recommend to your Lordship, and to every
reader individually, to run over William Pearce
the groom's affidavit, as published by Captain
Bowen in his Statement of Facts, and William
Pearce the groom's affidavit, as published by the
Barrister in the case of Miss Gunning, addressed
to the Marquis of Blandford.—From the former
I have made one abstract, to shew what a capital
share John Dean was given in the deceptions of
Miss Gunning, by Captain Bowen's copy of the
groom's affidavit, sent into the world before the
publication of a counter one made by John Dean,
as I now shall proceed to do from the Barrister's
affidavit made by the said groom, and published
since a counter one, made by John Dean, hath
been printed in the newspapers, to shew also, that
though John Dean's name is of much consequence
against his lady in the first, it has very wisely been
omitted in the second, the groom's evidence by
no means according with the evidence of John

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Dean himself; therefore I observe, that the name of John Dean is wisely omitted after the error was discovered, as it will certainly save a world of guessing and confusion. Both copies, by the several gentlemen, are handed to their readers, as authenticated by John Ord, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, &c. The abstract from that given us by Captain Bowen is already before my readers; here then follows an extract from the groom's affidavit, as given by the Barrister upon the subject of Miss Gunning's stopping him, the said groom, in Piccadilly, the day before his master found it out; that is, before his master had discovered that this deponent had not been at the Duke of Marlborough's. Miss Gunning overtook the said deponent in Piccadilly, in her father's carriage, and said to him, You must stand to it; and, if called upon, you must say you will take your oath of it; or used words to that or the like effect, &c. &c.—The only difference between the two copies of the same affidavit, as presented to us by Captain Bowen and the Barrister, being merely, that the latter has forgot to mention by whom Miss Gunning was attended, or whether she was attended at all, when she stopped the groom in Piccadilly, and that the name of John Dean is obliterated. It will be needless to trouble your Lordship, my other readers, or myself, with any more of the business,

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as there can possibly exist but one idea on the occasion.

It is worse than an Herculean labour, in a matter so full of mysteries, and so over-burdened with charges, to divide them from each other, and clear away the rubbish that incumbers them. Could I fairly and candidly have produced the evidences on the lady's side of the question, without confronting them with those of her adversaries, I should have been spared a world of trouble; but the thing was impracticable. My task is laborious, but the end honourable; and I expect the approbation of all the sons and daughters of humanity, for setting in a true light the character of a respectable young female, whose greatest fault is making stronger impressions on the hearts of mankind than they chuse should be made, or than they chuse to confess. Above all others, I expect to be honoured with the thanks of Lord Lorn, though they should only be issued in silent ejaculations, and never reach the ears of his Cousin's champion.

After all my toils, there still remains two-thirds of my subject for discussion and illustration. The first article that has a demand on my consideration, is a declaration affixed by Captain Bowen, as an appendage to his own and Mrs. Bowen's affidavit. "This and the following affidavit"

(says he) “ were made by Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, “ not for the purpose of being produced in evidences in their own cause; but to contribute, “ with others, to undeceive Mrs. Gunning.” If I do not very much misconceive the gentleman’s meaning, Mrs. Gunning is, by this article, entirely cleared from having any hand in the suppositious intrigues, and not only that, but to have been herself a deceived person; and yet it is very well known, that whilst the ladies were on the Continent, it was agitated in a certain assembly of friends, I do not say the friends of Miss Gunning, to expunge all the crimes that had been alledged against the young lady from her character and fix them on the mother. It was unluckily not in favour of such a transposition, that the old lady left an attestation behind her, which has since been published; and is not the attestation of Mrs. Gunning equal, at least, to the attestation of Capt. Bowen and Mrs. Bowen? If not, strengthen it with that of Miss Minifie, aunt to Miss Gunning, who, though an old maid, being myself a bachelor, I am willing to believe may, notwithstanding, be a very good sort of woman.

Wherever I see occasion for giving praise, there is no man alive more ready to give it than I am. Tell me my enemy has done well, or acted bravely, and I will proclaim it to the world; not perhaps with enthusiastical, bombastical exaggeration,

aggregation, like a man beside himself, but I would represent it to others exactly as it appeared to me. I am just going to sport a few compliments, but will lay them on most delicately; being informed that one of the parties, who must be concerned in them, has a soul composed of such nice sensibilities, that so far from encountering dangers in pursuit of fame, the most modest notice a man can take of his merit, he has declared to be offensive to his feelings.

In Captain and Mrs. Bowen's respect for Mrs. Gunning's character, there is much of discernment; in confessing it, much of generosity, and who shall say there is not? In their anxiety for her peace of mind, much of the milk of humanity; above all, even beyond philanthropy, is that ardency of pains-taking diligence, with which they sat about opening the eyes of this poor deceived *Mother*. By what name shall I call this refined sentiment, so much surpassing every other, that could make them forget the cause of resentment they had against such wicked, stubborn, ungrateful ladies; forgetting their own difficulties, could so nobly resolve to serve the *Mother*, even against her will; so coolly, so deliberately make affidavits, that must, first and last, cost them a great deal—of trouble! When I can find a word expressive of this wonderful sentiment, it shall be
divided

divided into shares, and every one of Miss Gunning's accusers shall be remembered.

I have been cogitating half a minute, to inquire of myself if Captain Bowen and his lady might not have fallen on a shorter and better, and a safer way to the confusion of the daughter, and the conviction of the mother, than by the affidavits abovementioned; and I think I have hit upon it, by as much better as a straight road to a man, who wishes to get home, will bring him there sooner than one that is zigzag. Suppose then, for the sake of supposition, their purpose to have been truly benevolent, and that it was a matter of great consequence to the comfort and happiness of Mrs. Gunning, that she should be made to believe her beloved, her darling, her angel child, was as naughty a child as ever existed, a very devil child; and Captain and Mrs. Bowen having letters in their own possession, as appears they had by the Statement of Facts, which must have fastened on her as much guilt as they could have desired; and such letters being authenticated by General Gunning, the father of Miss Gunning, to have been written in the very hand-writing of his daughter, and such his declaration being exemplified, set forth, and published in a printed letter addressed to Captain Bowen, and to be seen in that gentleman's Statement of Facts. Instead of the two affidavits, which were made
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for the purpose of undeceiving Mrs. Gunning, why were not those very letters, written, as they are authoritatively announced, in the very hand-writing of Miss Gunning, been conveyed to the sight of Mrs. Gunning, rather than send her copies of them, written by themselves for the occasion? By taking this straight road they might reasonably have hoped, that what had satisfied one parent would have had some effect on the other. Besides, does not the affidavit of Captain Bowen inform us, that to the name of General Gunning is added the Duke of Argyll's, Lord Frederick Campbell, the Right Honourable General Conway, and Andrew Stuart, Esq. all equally satisfied? So many great, wise, and honourable men, and all satisfied! Had such original letters been produced, though but an humble imitation, why might not Mrs. Gunning have been satisfied also? Why not make the trial at least? It would have looked right and seemly to have shewn her the very hand-writing of her daughter, exhibited in these letters. Such letters may have been written I do not dispute, and perhaps by a lady; but not by Miss Gunning. What may pass unobserved by some, it would be dangerous to place under the inspection of others. Mrs. Gunning has given us a right to suppose she is a lady of uncommon and accurate observation; and who would by choice expose their works to the severity of such a female critic, where the
smallest

smallest flaw in the performance would not have been overlooked? I will examine no farther into the guilty subject, for the innocent sufferer's sake.

I gave warning on the title-page of my book, and I believe I have said it somewhere else in the book itself, that I shall enrich my undertaking with a few circumstances never before published, and will faithfully make good my engagement, having in my possession certain and indubitable matters of fact, very much calculated for the instruction and information of all docile or well-meaning inquirers. How I came by them is not to the purpose; they were obtained with honour, and shall be dispensed with truth. Spunk, Dash, and the like; might wantonly throw away such materials in squibs and crackers, to defame a young woman; but I shall use them with address, to defend her fame.

The absolute confutation of the whole charges brought against Miss Gunning, of having any thing to do in the mystery of letter-writing and forgery, being established upon record, both in heaven and upon earth, I should have done with that part of the business, but for a remark or two, that struck me forcibly on reading Captain Bowen's Statement of Facts.—The letter which he says was sent by the lady for him to copy, he also says, was brought to his house on the first day of February.

February. General Gunning did not write this letter to the Duke of Marlborough till the 3d of February, just two days after the copy of the intended answer to that very letter was supposed to be prepared by Miss Gunning, and by her sent to Captain Bowen. The strange part of the story is, that the answer first written, and the letter written two days after, should be as correct and consistent in point of application from General Gunning to the Duke of Marlborough, and in reply from the Duke of Marlborough to General Gunning, as if Captain Bowen had been writing the answer, with General Gunning's letter to the Duke of Marlborough lying before him.

I give Captain Bowen credit for spying out the two erasures; there is a great deal of cleverness in the discovery, and a great deal of neatness in the idea of exposing it to the view of others. Man can only answer for his designs, but not for the success of them; which I suppose to have been one of my friend Shakespeare's conceits, when he tells us there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

General Gunning's motive for writing to the Duke of Marlborough on the 3d of February, must have been a very singular one, and seems to be another of those strange inconsistencies for which no man but himself can account.—He in-

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quires of his Grace, if he, or the Duchess of Marlborough, or Lord Blandford, ever gave his daughter reason to think a marriage was once intended? Which questions, being a little in the secret, appear to me rather something more than unnecessary, General Gunning, but a few days before, having had an interview with Lord Blandford himself at Crit's Hill, where his Lordship resided at that time, in the family of Mr. Sturt. Whatever was the event of the interview, it may rationally be concluded, the noble Marquis did not leave General Gunning in that total ignorance of the sentiments he entertained for his daughter, as would warrant, and that immediately afterwards, an application on the same subject to the Duke his father. And here I must also inform the Marquis of Lorn and my other readers, as I cannot find a place better adapted to introduce my intelligence, that the letter shewn to Miss Gunning by the Duke of Argyll, on the 5th of February, at Argyll House, and brought the preceding evening by the groom, as he said, from Blenheim, was not the letter which has been published by Captain Bowen, in his book called a Statement of Facts; it must have undergone considerable alterations before it went to the press. The letter his Grace shewed Miss Gunning, as being a letter from the Duke of Marlborough, was in many respects essentially different. It is allowed that the first part, containing the praises
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of Miss Gunning, with his own and the Duchess's attachment to her, was exactly the same in manuscript as it is in its printed form; but the difference commences after all these exceptions of their Graces kindness towards Miss Gunning. In the letter she was permitted to see, there was no declaration at that time exhibited, to damp the pleasure she must have felt on receiving so warm a proof of their Graces approbation; there was no object started that could prevent her being received into the Duke of Marlborough's family; she was not mortified with the information of being deserted. No, my Lord, I give you my word of honour there was not a single syllable of Lord Blandford's infidelity, in the letter shewn to Miss Gunning on the 5th day of February last by the Duke of Argyll, at Argyll House, as being a letter from the Duke of Marlborough, addressed to her father, General Gunning. I speak boldly, my Lord, and with certainty. Those who would preserve a secret should confine it to two, a third may betray; and amongst many there may be one heart not entirely callous to the calls of compassion.

Had the Duke of Marlborough's supposed letter been shewn to the young lady in its printed state, in which she is informed, Lord Blandford has no thoughts of completing his engagements to her, Miss Gunning's own expression, that she

felt herself honoured and grateful, in her affidavit, after she had seen the manuscript, and before she could have seen the published forged letter, would be altogether unaccountable. Mrs. Gunning must have been mad, her daughter distracted, the Duke of Argyll deranged, and the whole race a little disordered, to express so much joy as I know was expressed on the occasion, if this letter had been the messenger of a breaking-off instead of a coming-on. The General's early visit to the apartment of his daughter, to congratulate her on the charming letter, before he carried her to Argyll House, proves the truth of my information beyond all possibility of doubt or contradiction. General Gunning could have found no pretence in Lord Blandford's infidelity to congratulate his daughter. It is somewhat strange that Miss Gunning should be shewn the pretended letter from his Grace of Marlborough in one form, and the public in another; yet I can suppose there was much of propriety in the alterations that were made after she had seen it. For as it was convenient to say she was the author of it, and for which a train of other letters had been prepared, to shew with what design she had written it, that of disengaging herself from Lord Blandford in favour of your Lordship, if a sort of resignation of Lord Blandford's addresses, on the part of his family, had not been made to appear on the face of the forged letter, before it was ushered into
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the public circles, what other reason could have been advanced sufficiently ostensible for her having committed the action?

It is but a short story, and I will give it a place in this very page. Some weeks ago I found myself at a private party in the neighbourhood of St. James's, where the conversation, as usual, was confined to the popular subject; and not male or female present but had some new anecdote, rather calculated to puzzle than explain the wonderful Gunning Mystery.—I know it to be true, says a lady (who is the mother of some pretty enough daughters fully marriageable) that Miss Gunning has wrote a hundred love-letters to the Marquis of Blandford, and bribed all the Duke of Argyll's servants to carry them express—And always answered them herself, says a pert seventeener, to my certain knowledge.—Well, it is a shocking thing people should be so wicked, squeaks an old weather-beaten widow of fifty, who I thought seemed to cast bewitching eyes upon me, with no marks of disapprobation; what a confusion has this girl made! I hope she'll never come back from France. I'm sure it were better that the whole race of them were shipwrecked, or confined in a nunnery, than keep so many of the very first people of fashion in a tumult. There's the poor dear Duke of Marlborough's family, and there's that charming Marquis of Lorn looking
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ing like a ghost, and there's the handsome and amiable Marquis of Blandford, God knows where; I am sure my heart feels for the trouble she has brought upon them all by her arts and her forgeries.—But, said I coldly, is it then so very certain that Miss Gunning has been guilty of arts and forgeries? As I ended my short question a Campbell was announced, who had caught it in the moment of his entrance.—Undoubtedly, said he, I suppose you are talking of Miss Gunning; I can give you an instance of her forgery in my own person. I am a relation of the Argyll family, and one day as I was sitting in the anti-room at Argyll House, waiting for the Duke to come out of his apartment, Miss Gunning came in, and desired me to copy one of those letters for her, as she has since done by Captain Bowen. Not knowing how to refuse a lady, I complied with her request; and this very letter she afterwards palmed upon the Duke of Argyll. I saw it by accident in his Grace's hand, and challenged it as my own writing, and the murder came out.—Murder, with a vengeance! muttered I, as I turned from the assassin, and quitted the room. As I have no pretensions, or ever had any, that should warrant the hazard of kill or be killed, to distinguish myself as the hero of Miss Gunning; and a cane being so unnecessary in a lady's drawing room, that I had left mine at home, the Campbell escaped in a whole skin. If your Lordship were
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to lay your switch gently over his shoulders, I think it would not be amiss.

After General Gunning's visit to Lord Blandford at Crit's Hill, and immediately on his return from thence, Miss Gunning was informed by her father, that his Lordship's intended union with her was at an end, and at the same time she received his orders to declare it in the most public manner.—I advance no information but what I can support, and I will support it to any real friend of Miss Gunning, who only can have a right to my confidence and farther explanation.—Many with whom I am in habits of intimacy saw and talk'd with General Gunning when he came back from Crit's Hill, and formed an opinion, founded in the joy and hilarity of his appearance, that his interview with Lord Blandford, which, like other secrets, had made its way in a whisper over half the town, had succeeded beyond his hopes, and that the espousals of his daughter with that nobleman was suddenly to take place; but the very next day it was asserted, that the match was entirely broken off, and that Miss Gunning had been ordered to declare it so on his authority; whether the lady did or did not obey his commands, is best known to herself: but I know such commands were by him issued out; and it did so happen, that the report circulated; by some it was believed, others doubted,

ed, and many there were, of which last number I reckon myself, who gave it no credit at all.

Reports and appearances so totally contradictory to each other, first engaged my curiosity; I became an active, but curious inquirer; I was successful in my researches, and was interested by a better motive than curiosity to persist in my inquiries. I had seen and heard enough to surmise there was no good intended to the young lady in question, and my curiosity became sentiment, that sort of sentiment without which I would hardly call myself a man, much less a man of honour.

Within a very few days after General Gunning had seen Lord Blandford at Crit's Hill, and had declared the whole affair to be off between his daughter and her noble lover, the Duke of Argyll arrived in town from his villa at Ealing; but whether your Lordship attended his Grace, or any other part of his family came with him on this occasion, I have not to that point authentic information, and no other will I venture to make the groundwork of my labours: a succession of meetings took place at Argyll House. Lord Frederick Campbell, his Grace's brother, the Right Hon. General Conway, his Grace's brother-in-law, and Mr. Andrew Stuart, his Grace's friend, whose talents for literature I do not expect to excel,

excel, but for a share of that success which has crowned his endeavours, I hope to be a fortunate candidate; I do not know if any other names of consequence were enrolled at these meetings at Argyll House; but the secrets of these meetings were not confined to themselves, or I never should have been enabled, by the honour of their confidence, to ascertain some of the consequences of such meetings.

Miss Gunning, at the request of the Duke of Argyll, and attended by her father, went for several mornings to Argyll House, whilst the gentlemen were there assembled, and at such times they gave her every possible reason to suppose, they had no other view in meeting together, but to establish her union with the Marquis of Blandford, and to examine who it was that had been the authors of various forgeries, which had retarded it hitherto, but which they had detected, and would find out the perpetrators. Miss Gunning was no longer desired to contradict her approaching marriage with Lord Blandford, on the contrary, she was assured by them all of its speedy celebration, and requested not to go into public, nor even to the assemblies of her patroness the Duchess of Bedford, till she was the wife of her grandson, which would be as soon as his Lordship came to town, who was soon expected: amongst a number of letters produced by this

party of gentlemen, as forged in the name of Lord Blandford, was found one by the Duke of Argyll, in the pocket of his Duchess, after her decease; this letter was shewn by his Grace to his niece, and how he got it also explained, and he assured her at the same time, that he believed it to be written by the Marquis, perhaps she is still of that opinion: the contents of that letter had nothing in them to make her change it, but were such as she had a right to expect, and of course received them as the real and unaltered sentiments of a man she supposed very much attached to her.

It was during these sittings at Argyll House, that General Gunning wrote his letter of the 3d of February to the Duke of Marlborough, and at which time she was particularly careffed, and I would say, if I was not speaking of Miss Gunning, flattered by the whole party; yet the General's letter, written in the midst of this double business, does not carry with it the same auspicious aspect, or unbounded confidence in the certainty of his daughter's union with the son of the Duke of Marlborough, or indeed a very decided opinion of his daughter's honour, dear as she was to himself and the party of gentlemen, or at least appeared to be, at the very hour it was written—"My motive," says the General to the Duke, "for giving this trouble, arises merely
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“ from a desire of removing any imputation
 “ from my daughter’s character, as if she had
 “ entertained an idea of such importance with-
 “ out any reasonable foundation.” When General Gunning was prompted to make the foregoing apology, who, I would presume to ask, had dared to profane the character of his amiable daughter? I live a good deal in the world, and my acquaintance is pretty general amongst people of a certain rank, whose judgement, by custom and courtesy, in such matters is seldom considered less than decisive, yet never, till that daughter was driven from his house, can I remember to have heard Miss Gunning mentioned, often as she has been the subject of conversation, but when her name was followed with praises and encomiums, such as are due only to a candid mind and a spotless reputation.

I shall now return to the meetings at Argyll House; I mean those private assemblies where Miss Gunning, at the request of the gentlemen, assisted for an hour or two, more or less, several succeeding mornings; it was at this crisis of affairs, that I had, by a particular chance, gained such an insight into the real meaning of these mysterious meetings, that my eagerness to get still deeper hourly increased; in consequence of which I honestly confess, there were no methods, ex-

cept such as would have been derogatory to my own honour, that I did not adopt to save that of an amiable girl; and with this point only in view I spared neither money or fatigue to the furtherance of my determination to traverse the designs which were agitating in the family cabinet; I even condescended to watch the carriage of General Gunning, and having owned myself a spy, I must be allowed to say in my defence, that if I should ever think proper to declare my name, the proudest spirit of my gallant ancestors, in this one instance, shall acquit me of having disgraced their actions by taking a peep into the enemy's country—the cause will justify the means; I confess, then, that I have watched General Gunning's carriage to and from Argyll House; day after day I have imposed on myself the same duty; I have seen him, after he has been an hour or two there with his daughter, return with her again through St. James's Street, looking as happy as she deserves to be, that is, if happiness can be traced *en passant* in a smiling and pleased countenance; the father, on these occasions, has in a few minutes returned again without his daughter to the party at Argyll House, where the consultations were carried on in a very different manner, and very different subjects brought forward from any that had been advanced in the presence of Miss Gunning.

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I often encountered one or another of the members who composed this assembly; and so far were any of them from wishing it to be understood that the treaty between the Lady and Lord Blandford had never existed, or that it was at an end, that the marriage was talked of by themselves and all their extensive connections, as an event near at hand, with all the confidence of absolute certainty, and so warmly supported, that one of them meeting a gentleman in the street, who happened to say that he understood the match was broken off, the noble Commoner felt himself so much offended, as to declare the next day much resentment against the propagators of a report so malicious and unfounded: such it might have been called, had not the whole town, but a few days before, been authorised by General Gunning and his friends to believe it really was the case. I will give a woman leave to change her mind as often as she pleases, if it were only that it pleases her to change it, and for a better reason still, because she seldom loses by changing it; but men, and very wise men, having agreed together on a certain point, such as it is to be, or it is not to be, and afterwards change from one side of the question to the other side of the question, it is quite another matter; and surely that man ought to have been held blameless, who, by duly honouring the first assertion, must inevitably run counter to assertion the second, which is the best excuse

excuse that I can make for my poor friend, who displeased the noble Commoner by repeating a little article of intelligence not five days stale, considering too from whence the intelligence originated.

When Miss Gunning's presence was no longer thought necessary to the daily meetings at Argyll House, she was desired by the Duke of Argyll to write a few lines to the Marquis of Blandford, to signify, as his Grace said, that she was informed of the honour his Lordship intended her, that she accepted his proposals with pleasure, &c. &c. This letter was written in Argyll House; present in the room the Duke of Argyll, Lord Frederick Campbell, General Gunning, General Conway, and Mr. Andrew Stuart. Miss Gunning having finished the letter, and directed it to the Marquis of Blandford, the Duke of Argyll said he would send it to his Lordship. About the same period of time, and in the same society, Miss Gunning was desired by her father and his friends to write a short narrative, which they wanted to send to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; that she was merely to say, where, when, and how often she had been in company with Lord Blandford.

Amongst the many mysteries that have enveloped the whole of this wonderful transaction, the circumstance

cumstance regarding the narrative I do not call the least of them. General Gunning mentions it in his letter to the Duke of Marlborough, dated Feb. 3, as being drawn up for his own satisfaction and that of his particular friends, who had been induced to believe the reports, and he calls it also an accurate Narrative of every material circumstance on which that belief was founded. I suppose General Gunning understood his own meaning, and likewise that it was well understood by his particular friends; but I profess I am not so fortunate to comprehend it. The General, a few days before, had a private conference with Lord Blandford himself. Did this remarkable interview produce no information that could have satisfied the father's inquiries? It is not to be supposed that such a meeting produced no effect, as if it had been passed in absolute silence, or as if the General had never seen Lord Blandford. I beg General Gunning's pardon; there would still have been a degree of absurdity in sending such a bagatelle to his Lordship's father and mother, though the impropriety would have been less observable. Besides, this narrative is subject to another objection—Was it consistent with uninfluenced fatherly affection to impose on his daughter a task of so little delicacy? Surely it was never intended by the General and his particular friends for the inspection of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. What information or
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what entertainment could it have afforded their Graces? General Gunning and his party of friends had, therefore, the less reason, or no reason at all, to be disappointed that the groom did not carry the Letter and Narrative to Blenheim; or had they a right to be surpris'd, I mean to be griev'd, that he had suffer'd himself to be corrupted? I know he is a guilty groom, yet not quite so bad but that something may be said in his defence; for instance, may he not have thought, that whilst he was serving the master's friends he was obeying his master? I must still pursue the subject of this Narrative a little farther.

The public circles have been much amus'd with a pretended copy of the little unfortunate Narrative, written by Miss Gunning at the command of her father, and afterwards redemand'd by somebody, by any body but Miss Gunning herself, from the groom sent with it by General Gunning, as General Gunning says, to Blenheim. This fictitious copy has been also spoken of in the newspapers, greatly to the entertainment of all newspaper readers, but, in both the one and the other, is too much to the disadvantage of a truly amiable young lady, to allow that I should say such amusement and such entertainment as a subject of this sort can furnish is altogether so innocent as it is diverting. Again, I am so happy as to have it in my power to communicate a little
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more light than has been yet thrown upon this very dark affair. Miss Gunning finding herself accused with the theft of her own Narrative, and having experienced how easy it had been for ingenious people to make the most simple actions assume the figure of art, and to translate the most moderate feelings of the heart into the language of romantic susceptibility, to serve any particular purpose, she very reasonably supposed this Narrative had not been taken up, any more than the Letter that accompanied it, to do her service; and the event has proved the justice of her supposition, and the wisdom of the precaution with which it was followed. Immediately on her being driven from her father's house, she wrote over from memory what she had before written at Argyll House, and it is now in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough.

Although I have made myself master of a world of information, I have none by which I am able to ascertain what could have been the motive of those gentlemen concerned in prevailing on Miss Gunning to write her short Narrative; General Gunning, his connections, and particular friends, for taking a copy of it before it was sent away to Blenheim. Was there a presentiment by which they were informed that this destined packet was never to make its way to Blenheim, and that Miss Gunning was to bribe the groom,

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and to get the possession of it? What manly cause can be assigned for securing a copy, except by natural or supernatural means they had been informed what was to become of the original? This superabundant caution, this laying-up of stores, is in another manner to be accounted for; as I hope to be saved, I would not be at the trouble to copy Miss's Narratives for the value of a bulse. The best of Miss's penmanship is bad; and Miss Gunning's I cannot suppose to be better than the best, at least not brilliant enough to be handed down to posterity in the archives of ancient nobility. But if, dear maid, thou shouldst ever read this book, thou must appease the wrath of thy vanity, if my plainness should offend it; for though I will not flatter thy vanity, I will do justice to thy virtues. Thy ideas may not be more brilliant, or thy stile more shining than those of females in general; but thy chaste ideas are confined to the limits of correct modesty, and thy stile is the stile of truth. Whether conveyed by speech, by letter, or by narrative, this is a subject of ample magnitude for many more comments than it suits me to make. A man is not obliged, when he gets upon his legs, to speak till he puts himself in a heat and his hearers in a passion. My readers may make as many more as they please. I had once a friend—It is a good thing, said I, when a man has one friend in whom he can place confidence—I be-
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came bound for my friend—My friend was free, and flew over the water.—I satisfied my friend's creditors—Since that time I have chosen to remain friendless. Now as I want no man's friendship, I have a right to ask it of every man; so, after I have said a few words more, I shall ask the Marquis of Lorn to do me a favour, which is the greatest compliment I can pay to any duke, marquis, peer, or commoner in the three kingdoms.

Repetition, which is in general a very great bore in conversation or in writing, may sometimes be delightful and sometimes useful to a poet, whilst reading his own verses for the hundredth time. It is delightful to me, who have been forced to make a chasm in my subject, that must be brought again to unite—it will be useful. I have said, that at the meeting of the friends at Argyll House, and during such periods of their sittings as the presence of Miss Gunning was deemed to be necessary amongst them, the conversation was always confined to two points, namely, her immediate marriage with Lord Blandford, and the happiness that would attend her union with so amiable a husband, and inquiries into the authenticity of certain letters that were produced by the gentlemen, and daily examined by them, for the purpose, as she was made to believe, of detecting her enemies, who had been practising deception

deception, and fraud on fraud ; and I have also said that Miss Gunning used afterwards to be set down by her father in St. James's Place, who always returned to the party at Argyll House, to settle such parts of the business as had not been settled in the presence of the young lady.

The letters which so much engaged the attention of the noble and honourable examiners at Argyll House, were the same which have, since the disunion of the Gunning family, been ascribed to Miss Gunning, with the addition of the whole Bowen budget of tender, artful, nonsensical epistles. Now it is my sober opinion, that had only half the arts and half the forgeries been alledged against her, the design might have succeeded better. Many a life and limb have been lost by overloading a fowling-piece, and many a scheme has miscarried when overcharged with improbabilities.

I have no gratification in exposing faults that do not stop the progress of my pursuits ; I shall not, therefore, be at the pains of surmising who are the real authors of those arts and those forgeries — I have nothing to do with them — I am only interested for her who is not the author of them, and no farther for her than as she is innocent, oppressed, and injured. In these lights Miss Gunning is my daughter, my sister, and my mistress

treſs—I am her father, her brother, and a lover—were I, in reality her father, who ſhould have dared to accuſe her of fraud, and not have waſhed away the ſtains with his blood! For her ſake, I would have been more than her nominal brother; but, for my own ſake, I deſire to remain as I am, the lover of her good qualities only, and, in all other reſpects, an unloving bachelor to the end of my life!

Multitudes of the ſuppoſitious letters I have paſſed over almoſt unnoticed; becauſe who wrote them, who brought them, who carried them; from whence they came, or whither they were going, I cannot authoritatively aſcertain, and I wiſh to avoid mixing facts, founded on truth, with ſurmises, which, however reaſonable they may appear, muſt, nevertheless, be ſubject to error. That letter, found in the pocket of the Duchefs of Argyll, by the Duke, her huſband, after her deceaſe, and once before mentioned by me in the courſe of my obſervations, appeared to be written by Lord Blandford, and by him addreſſed to Miſs Gunning, the outſide cover being ſuſcribed to the Duchefs of Argyll. If it was not written by Lord Blandford, may the hand wither that traced the characters of premeditated deſtruction, and the tongues be for ever ſilenced which have wantonly and maliciously

ously pronounced it to be the production of Miss Gunning!

The Duchess of Argyll's impatience and anxiety to see the Marquis of Blandford before the termination of her existence, is a circumstance as well known to many others as it is to myself, though not so very generally; but that the intelligence may probably be new to nineteen of my readers out of twenty, or, perhaps, ninety-nine out of a hundred, as there never has subsisted any particular intimacy between the families of Marlborough and Argyll; and the Duchess of Argyll being quite unacquainted with Lord Blandford, her great desire to see him so immediately before her death, carries a very singular aspect, and is a strong presumptive proof, that her Grace foresaw the horrors of that fate which then attended her beloved niece, and which have since most unmercifully fallen upon her; there can be no manner of doubt that when she waited his arrival in town with so much impatience, it was from a desire to communicate to his private ear, her fears and her apprehensions, and to guard them both against misfortunes that threatened them. Lord Blandford did not come—the Duchess of Argyll died without seeing him, and Miss Gunning became the devoted sacrifice.

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It is well known that the Duchess of Argyll loved her niece with the tenderest affection; the amiableness of her disposition, and the propriety of her conduct, was the constant theme of conversation in all the circles where that most elegant of women presided; and I have heard her Grace an hundred times declaim on the virtues of her brother's daughter, with more warmth than I ever heard her speak on any other subject, though not quite so fantastically as Mrs. Gunning. It is not for want of feeling—I would, if I could, think less of her and her daughter—Many distresses would they have been redeemed from, had not the good Duchess of Argyll been taken from her family and her friends when her life was of the greatest consequence to them—a woman, who like her Grace, even in the splendor of more than beauty, had preserved her own fame pure and un sullied, would not have suffered that of her darling niece to have been basely traduced with impunity, or sported away in cabals, squibs, and in caricatures, which neither sense or decency can find an excuse for. I have no approbation to bestow on female friendships, particularly on very young ladies' friendships; perhaps it would have been better for Miss Gunning, if her opinion had been early formed after the same model; relationship is not always binding, there are many sorts of rivalry not friendly to those connections; the bonds of one young lady's

lady's love for another young lady is very liable to accidents, and when once broken, the faulty heart soon admits the seeds of ill-will, and ill offices, which grow like nettles in a hot bed, and will sting till they are rooted out—but this could never have been the case between the Duchess of Argyll and her niece, as with younger people; her Grace was not more admired in her youth than respected in her age; she set a good example to her daughters—her niece partook of it; and her niece profited by it.

On the subject of letters I have still farther to observe, that Miss Gunning, amongst the many invented tales of slander and falsehood, of which she is made the heroine, is accused of being the fair designer and executress of several gallant and tender epistles from Lord Blandford, of which she is the subject, though they are not addressed to herself, but to the Duke of Argyll. Is there a man or a woman in the universe, who possesses two ideas of their own, that will suffer their judgement to be so grossly imposed upon by a misrepresentation, so palpably absurd? These very letters were delivered to his Grace by his Grace's own servants; they appeared to be in answer to other letters which appeared to have been written by his Grace to Lord Blandford. I say appeared, because appearances are not intitled to unlimited and absolute faith; the same letters
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were dispatched exprefs, at three different times, by the Duke's own fervants; and that they were delivered to Lord Blandford, I can boldly afcertain, but I cannot fpeak to the fame certainty refpecting his Lordship's answers to them, or even whether he answered them at all; however, answers have been produced, and I muft be allowed to obferve, it feems to be with no other defign than to make Mifs Gunning accountable for them; the letters, and expreffes paffing and repaffing between the two Noblemen, decidedly on the interefting fubject, in which General Gunning's daughter has met with fo little mercy, were all, one excepted, before the commencement of the prefent year, and the excepted one in the beginning of 1791; it is worthy of remark, this laft was the only letter which the Duke did not fend by an exprefs taken out from amongft his own domeftics.

Neither my juftice or my compaffion is concerned in folving the following queftion, viz. Was Lord Blandford the real or the imaginary lover of Mifs Gunning? As I do not mean to profefs myfelf a rival, it is no farther a bufinefs of mine to inquire into it, than that I am interefted to prove, that his Lordship was not, at leaft, a lover of her own creating; and this is an idea that conveys with it fuch abundant difgrace, as will give me quite as much pleafure to remove

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from her fair character, as I experienced when I had the honour to assure the Marquis of Lorn, that his Cousin, who had been also charged with arts of a singular nature against his Lordship, was intirely innocent, and not only of the offence, but even harbouring one tender idea of preference in which he was concerned, and which must have been a very comforting reflection to so near a relation, who is undoubtedly anxious that the delicacy, which so much has been done to destroy, should be made to appear in its own uncontaminated purity; and this was not to be done without assuring him, and the world, that she had not bestowed her affections unworthily: I beg to be understood by this phrase, that she had not bestowed them unsolicited.

Having already signified my intentions to single out the Marquis of Lorn, and to confer upon him a favour by asking one from his Lordship, which, considering my pride of independence, is a distinguishing mark of humility, I shall on this very spot, where I will suppose we are now both standing, take off my hat, and, with reverence to his superiority, inform him that it is my request he will immediately do his Cousin, Miss Gunning, the justice, and confer on me the satisfaction, to have each and every one of his father's servants, who were employed by his Grace in carrying the dispatches to Lord Blandford, publicly

licly examined before the Lord Mayor of the city of London, and there put upon their several oaths if they delivered any fictitious letters to his Grace, such having been laid to the charge of Miss Gunning; who it was that bribed them, and who it was that committed to them the disputed letters, to be conveyed to the Duke, as coming from the Marquis of Blandford; where the fraud was executed, and what were the arguments used by which their fidelity to his Grace was corrupted; whether by a pistol held to their heads, or a purse offered to their pockets? Do this, my Lord, and do it speedily; it is a good action, and like charity will cover all your faults, if faults you have; and where is the man who has seen two or three and twenty, that would thank the author who should write him faultless. I should have had no occasion, my Lord, to have laid this tax on your friendship, (my claim to that honour is established in the very nature of my undertaking) or to have asked your Lordship's assistance in my researches, if the Duke of Argyll had listened to the pressing intreaties of maternal anguish. Mrs. Gunning calls upon his Grace to find out the enemies of her daughter, and to drag them from concealment, that she might face them in the broad light of honour. The expression is flighty, but it is strong; nevertheless it does not seem the prayer of guilty persons, who had any thing to fear from hidden artifice, or latent dis-

coveries. That she has enemies is pretty certain: I should be glad if I could inform those who are her friends from whence they ascended; for that they did not descend from heaven, may be guessed at by the employment they have chosen for themselves to perform upon the face of the earth.

When a diffident man, such as I am, has got so much the better of his shyness as to be able to ask one favour, and is so very graciously received, as I have had the honour to be received by your Lordship, there is no great difficulty, in the first effusions of his gratitude, to ask again; but my second request will not be of equal importance with my first; one being to satisfy the troublesome claims of equity, the other of mere simple curiosity. I want to be informed, if the Duke of Argyll has returned to Mrs. Gunning those letters, and copies of letters, which, in her publication, she says do belong to herself, and are her own private property. Will your Lordship be so good to answer my inquiries? A line addressed to the Author, left with my publisher, will convey your commands to me, wherever I may happen to be, and they shall be most honourably acknowledged.

The case of Miss Gunning, impartially stated and discussed, in a Letter from a Barrister, addressed to the Marquis of Blandford, affords mat-
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ter for more criticism than I have inclination to bestow upon it; but the title-page, which gives us to understand that the learned author is an impartial writer, offers as much amusement as any child's puzzle that has been invented in the present age of invention, and though not yet quite in my dotage, it has wonderfully diverted me how to put it together; but finding all my efforts in vain, and having no crooked rib to provide for, no dashing son to lay up for, no languishing, leering, fleering daughter to portion out; in short, being in want of an heir to inherit my estates, my honours and my virtues go with me, I have added the following codicil to my last will and testament, viz. “ I revoke all gifts,
 “ legacies, and endowments, contained in the
 “ body of my will, except those legacies made
 “ in favour of my two executors, Blank of Blank,
 “ and Blank of Blank, who are hereby farther
 “ appointed, by themselves, heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to take, receive, and
 “ apply, to their own use, all monies, profits,
 “ and emoluments arising, or that may arise,
 “ from all and each of my real and personal estates, to hold, keep, and enjoy them, they
 “ and their heirs for ever, with this proviso only,
 “ that if, in time present, or in after ages, any
 “ man will prove the Barrister of Lincoln's Inn
 “ to be an impartial writer, using no means for
 “ the solution of this most difficult puzzle, but
 “ such

“ such words as are to be found in the learned
 “ Barrister’s natural book ; such a solution being
 “ first fully and faithfully exemplified, then my
 “ said executors are required to account with
 “ that man of talents, as to my heir-general, be-
 “ ing so appointed, without reserve, by this my
 “ last codicil.” Nevertheless, as all the pains I
 have taken, and all the rewards I have held out,
 may not be productive, I shall, after having fi-
 nished what I farther have to say on the Gunning
 subject, subjoin to this pamphlet all the affidavits
 that have been made in favour of the young la-
 dy, and published in the Gazetteer, antecedent
 to the Barrister’s elaborate composition ; partly to
 gratify those of my affectionate readers, who
 have not seen them already ; but more especially
 to convince all my readers collectively, how hard
 it will be to trump up an heir to dispossess the
 executors of my last codicil, on the conditions
 annexed.

I shall take care not to commit a lawful fraud,
 by making the obliging purchasers of this book
 pay for subject-matter that has been twice print-
 ed, and twice paid for before. I have not length-
 ened my pamphlet with long copies of long let-
 ters ; and the affidavits on Miss Gunning’s side
 of the question (though not so voluminous as
 those published in Captain Bowen’s Statement of
 Facts, and the Barrister’s Case of Miss Gunning
 impartially

impartially stated and discussed) as they are intended for a more liberal purpose than to swell a volume, and as they are not purchased from the makers, so shall they be given gratis to the readers.

There is no animal in the whole creation so contemptible in the scale of beings, but may make itself troublesome, if not dangerous, to some other animal of a superior order. A slender fly, with silken wings, darts its sharp sting into the noblest of all beasts; he feels the smart, kicks, flounders, and perhaps dismounts his rider. A flea sucks the blood of a hero; and the smallest animalcula, if it gets into the eye of a giant, may torture him. The vote of a cobbler may torment a peer, if given against his party; and the pen of a hireling, when dipped in gall, if not beat out of his hand, may drop a blot on the fairest page of innocence.

The Barrister of Lincoln's Inn is indisputably endowed with a mighty flow of words, a choice collection of ideas, and an easy freedom of expression; which advantages, it is natural to suppose, he has acquired from his frequent admittance into circles of rank and consequence. He has very wittily introduced Miss Gunning, in his manly attempt at impartiality, under the insinuating title of the fair Inventress; a conceit of
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so much quaintness as I cannot altogether overlook: it is a hammer to smite the white forehead of truth; it is a vice to screw up the condemned victim to more than condign torture; it is a sharp hook, on which may be exposed a bleeding reputation. I have said enough in the foregoing sheets, and communicated enough of intelligence, to convince an infidel, that Miss Gunning is free from all the charges contained in the forgery, perjury, and letter-writing business. I have not left the shadow of a possibility, under which her adversaries, whoever they are, can shelter themselves. When I had first the honour to see the Barrister's fair Inventress, after she had been presented at St. James's, she was interesting, admired, beloved; her acquaintance courted, and her conduct approved. I was not actually her lover, but I loved her countenance, and should have doated on a sister or a daughter, whose physiognomy had been engraved with the same characters. The face wears no mask, and thy heart is as free from hypocrisy as thy complexion is natural. Thou art still the same lovely, interesting, harmless, modest young creature, as when I first beheld thee; surrounded by none but friends, admirers, and lovers. They who then held thee up have cast thee down; those who admired have censured thee; they who protected thee have renounced thee; the voice of thy lovers has been put to silence, but the voice of scandal is heard from

from afar; a just man shall reverence thy virtues, but a foolish man writeth foolishly, because of thine enemies, who are sworn together against thee.

Take back, thou man of law, thy hammer, thy vice, and thy hook; buy up thy book of profanation, or I may force thee to eat it, page by page, before I have done with thee. I would not throw away one poor monosyllable on a scribbler like thee, but that I know thou art employed; and my threat is more levelled at the employers, than at the pitiful scribe. Had any other being of the female gender, though the most abandoned of her sex, been the victim of thy execution, I would have pitied her; but thou wouldst have escaped my chastisement.

As I have not thought fit to adopt the title of Inventress, when I have the honour to speak of Miss Gunning, some of my fair acquaintance, who probably will think it monstrously applicable, may expect that I should assign a good reason why I have not adopted it. I have nothing better to say to such charitable ladies, than what is commonly said by their own dear selves, and what most husbands are forced to accept, as a reason sufficiently cogent, namely, because I do not like it; unless I may be allowed to add, without giving them offence, that it is as unsuitable

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to

to the real character of Miss Gunning, as a black garment would be to a young bride, whose raiment should assimilate with the purity of her soul and the chastity of her ideas.

Where were all the polite, the fashionable, the generous, the candid world? Were none of this description present at such assemblies and balls as Miss Gunning and Lord Blandford appeared at publicly together? Was I the only person who can remember the marked attention of his Lordship to the gentle victim of popular abuse? or were all eyes but my own struck with a partial blindness on the occasion? This could not be the case; because, before Miss Gunning was marked out for destruction, I am myself a witness, that almost as many tongues as there are heads in the circle of fashion were delightfully busy in confirming Miss Gunning's good fortune; and the noble Marquis's assiduities were *nem. con.* voted to be sufficiently declaratory of his farther intentions. She has since that time been accused of forging tender letters from his Lordship; but tender looks and expressive personal attentions, I apprehend, must have really proceeded from his own heart, if ever these circumstances that I have been repeating were entered on the tablets of my fair country women's hearts. I fear they were put down amongst the articles to be remembered or forgotten, as things should turn out. Now had the

the event been a wedding, a minute detail of every particular would have been again rehearsed by an hundred kind friends, who were ready to take a share in Miss Gunning's happy prospects; but her situation assuming rather the figure of a funeral, it became more convenient to forget them. Now, my dear ladies, permit me to observe, that had either, or all of you, for compassion's sake only, stepped forward, and generously have given up the contents of your memories regarding this affair from its first beginning, you would have rescued a sister, innocent and lovely as yourselves, from the degrading and false stigma of being a self-created idol: had you only said, Miss Gunning had reason to think Lord Blandford loved her, it would have been enough. The whole sentence is but eleven words; and eleven such words would have gained you more admiration from my sex, and conferred more dignity on your own, than if you had been endowed with the united elocution of a Fox, a Burke, and a Sheridan; success would have crowned your endeavours, the good work would have been all your own; and though I should have lost the happiness and honour of being Miss Gunning's champion, I should have adored her defenders; I would have revered you more than a curate does the bishop of his diocese, or a pilgrim the shrine of his saint—Oh! but you were looking another way; you did not see any thing very particular in Lord Blandford's

attentions to Miss Gunning—cry your mercy. But is there one of you, my charmèrs, that ever heard the lady vauntingly or tauntingly report that she was to be the wife of Lord Blandford? I believe not one. Women may hide a little and find a little, when another woman is in the case; she may call up a look rather against facts, go a little round-about, and prevaricate a little; but a huge fib is hard of digestion, and if it should stick in a pretty white throat, it may chance to choak them.

It is not my design to make it believed, that Miss Gunning never said she was to be the wife of Lord Blandford; the assertion would be absurd and untrue; it would have been a contradiction to the amiable candour of her heart, which, at that time, I have pretty good and formidable reasons to know, was not insensible to the acknowledged attractions of Lord Blandford, or to her own happiness; yet, interesting as the subject must have been to her, it was never obtruded upon others; she was abashed even at receiving the congratulations of a world eager to bestow them upon her, and which she was directed to receive by authority equally respectable and decided. Not to contradict is the next step to confirmation—Miss Gunning certainly never contradicted what she never had occasion to doubt; but when she spoke upon the subject, it was not

to gratify her vanity, but to satisfy the demands of truth, or to pay a debt due to the sentiments of Lord Blandford, and to her own; nay, I believe I am pretty right when I say such conversations were generally wrested from her; she had very few familiar friends out of your Lordship's family.

Captain Bowen tells us in his Narrative of Facts, that Mrs. Gunning thought herself secure of her daughter's establishment with the Marquis of Blandford; and that I take to be one true thing in his whole Narrative of Facts. And why should not Mrs. Gunning think herself secure? and why should she not talk of her happiness, and rejoice in it? She may not be a wise woman, but she is a discreet, tender, sympathising mother; she had more, it is highly probable, to build her expectations upon than ever was generally known to the rest of the world; though that was enough to ascertain the intended alliance, her angel child, as she calls her, and who I believe to come as near to that imaginary order of beings as flesh, blood, and spiritual essence can accord, was soon to be received into one of the most amiable as well as exalted families in the kingdom, and to become the chosen wife of a nobleman whose conduct was an honour to his rank, and who loved her as well or better than any Marquis had ever loved before. These considerations,

siderations, my Lord, you will readily allow, are some excuse for Mrs. Gunning's feelings of joy and transport, even if they had been more immoderate than they are represented. It is no secret to any man or woman in that circle to which your Lordship belongs, and in which I have the honour occasionally to move, that the journey Mrs. Gunning speaks of in her letter to the Duke, your father, as having performed on the same night that she and her family went from St. James's Place to Pall Mall, was made to Lord Blandford, then at Sir Henry Dashwood's seat in Oxfordshire. I do not pretend to give any particular information on the subject of this visit, because I never have been told what the motive for it was, or what was the event of it; but I must be allowed to suppose Mrs. Gunning did not undertake it without the fullest confirmation of the right she had to demand an interview. Her daughter had received proposals, and accepted them, from honourable persons, whose authority for making them in the name of Lord Blandford left as little doubt on the mind of the mother and daughter, as if they had come immediately from his Lordship's personal declarations.

I think the report of Miss Gunning's marriage with the Marquis of Blandford was the general topic of conversation in all the enlightened and all the enlivening circles within the bills of mortality

tality in May or June 1790; and here again is
 returned May and June in the fruit of ninety-one,
 and in what a situation does it find her? I have
 nothing of the melting mood in my composition;
 if I had, I should whine and weep like a block-
 head: but I have humanity, and her wrongs
 have touched it to the quick; I act under its
 influence, and Lord Blandford must, therefore,
 pardon me, if I tell him he has been as mysteri-
 ously cruel to her character, peace of mind, and
 well-doing, as if his name had been enrolled in
 the list of her enemies. He knew how greatly
 she was injured, and that, though unintentionally,
 he was the cause of her trials. If it was possible
 that she might have been imposed on in regard
 to his Lordship's sentiments for her, yet he could
 not accuse her of credulity in giving credit to the
 high authority by which, if there was deception,
 she could only have been deceived; an authority
 too respectable for her ever to have doubted it.
 Lord Blandford's private and public character is
 such as entitles him to the approbation of all
 men who are judges of manly merit, and to the
 esteem of all ladies that look for happiness bear-
 ing in its progress, and do not entirely confine
 their ideas of supreme felicity to public specta-
 cles, admiration of fops, or the magic circle of a
 Faro table. In all respects but one, I am the
 friend of Lord Blandford, and I honour his ac-
 quirements; I am sorry to say, that one is so
 much

much stronger than all the rest of my kinder sentiments, that it leaves me nothing but the will to speak my mind as freely as I please for the present. I have invincible objections to subscribing my name to my opinions; they may not be always invincible; but till they are done away, I beg to assure the Marquis of Blandford and the Marquis of Lorn, that the author of them is not the most contemptible man amongst their numerous acquaintance.

Lord Blandford has been silent, when his single voice would have given life to an expiring reputation. Miss Gunning certainly had a *penchant*, or what the ladies call a preference, for his Lordship, who she was authorised to consider as her future husband; proposals were made for her by a young man of rank and fortune; she was never consulted upon them, but they were at once refused by the person applied to, and who had a right to speak decidedly. This was the short reply—You are too late, Miss Gunning is engaged to the Marquis of Blandford. I hope his Lordship may have given satisfaction to Mrs. Gunning, in the course of her inquiries, more than he has given me by his silence.

From the commencement of this intricate business, I was interested for the preservation of an unsuspecting young creature, who, from some circumstances

cumstances within the compass of my recollection, I apprehended was to be made the sacrifice to certain purposes. In this first stage she had a demand on my pity, and I gave it to her freely. Her next claim was on my admiration, and I admitted it as strictly due to her conduct ; and being convinced, that not one single article amongst the whole catalogue of pretended offences brought against her was founded in truth, I swore to serve and to save her.

I have another proof, equally strong with any that have been advanced, of the innocence of her heart, the delicacy of her sentiments, and the propriety of her actions, which to bury in silence, would be to commit the sin myself which in others I have found fault with. The sin of concealment, at a time like the present, may suit the enemies of Miss Gunning, but is not characteristic of her well-wishers. My information is this, affirmed to me as a fact by one who has seen the letter itself, being from Miss Gunning to the Duchess of Marlborough, written before she left town for the Continent, or immediately after her departure : it is of little consequence, or I should be sorry my intelligence did not enable me to ascertain the exact date ; the contents are sufficient for the full establishment of her honour. It conveyed to her Grace a modest but spirited resignation of her well-warranted pretensions to

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Lord

Lord Blandford, and released his Lordship from those ties by which he must have held himself bound, be the mystery what it may, that has prevented him from fulfilling his engagement. I heartily congratulate my amiable and interesting young friend ; and, without discovering myself to her, either to receive her thanks, or to be rebuked for my officiousness, she will always possess my approbation and best wishes. The impartial Barrister teaches me what to say at the conclusion of a modest letter addressed to a great man ; I shall, therefore, copy for the Marquis of Lorn, what has served for the Marquis of Blandford.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Copies

Copies of Affidavits.

Middlesex, } SUSANNAH Gunning (wife of
to wit, } Major General John Gunning) maketh oath and faith, That she has never written, or caused to be written, any letter or letters, note or notes, or in any shape was instrumental in framing a correspondence in the names of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, or the Marquis of Blandford, or any other person or persons, or was she privy to the same, or any part thereof; and farther faith, that on Sunday the 6th day of February last, Miss Gunning went from General Gunning's house, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock at noon (it being the first time she had gone out for the day) to go to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford's; that about two of the clock of the same day she returned home in the Duchess of Bedford's chair, and, after staying a few minutes, was taken, as this deponent understood and verily believes, in the same chair to Argyll Street, from whence she returned about three o'clock, and did not leave the house until the Duchess called in her carriage, and took her

into Hyde Park; that she returned home with the Duchess about five o'clock, when this deponent and her said daughter went in a carriage to Argyll House, but not finding his Grace at home, returned to St. James's Place immediately, without once going out of the carriage, or even stopping at any house; and that after they so returned home, Miss Gunning did not go out of General Gunning's house for the remainder of the evening; and saith, that Miss Gunning did not use her own chair, or was carried by her chairman any part of the day or evening of the 6th of February last.

S. GUNNING.

*Sworn before me this
29th of March,
1791.*

W. HYDE.

*Middlesex, }
to wit. }* MARGARET Minifie (sister of
Sufannah Gunning, wife of Major General John Gunning) maketh oath and saith, That she has never written, or caused to be written, any letter or letters, note or notes, or in any shape was instrumental in framing a correspondence in the names of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, or the Marquis of Blandford, or any other person or persons, or was she
privy

privy to the same, or any part thereof; and farther faith, that on Sunday the 6th day of February last, Miss Gunning went from General Gunning's house between the hours of twelve and one o'clock at noon, (it being the first time she had gone out for the day) to go to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford's; that about two o'clock of the same day she returned home in the Duchess of Bedford's chair, and, after staying a few minutes, was taken, as this deponent understood and verily believes, in the same chair to Argyll Street, from whence she returned about three o'clock, and did not leave the house until the Duchess called in her carriage, and took her into Hyde Park; that she returned home with the Duchess about five o'clock, when, this deponent says, her said sister and niece, as she understood and verily believes, went in a carriage to Argyll House, but not finding his Grace at home, returned to St. James's Place; and that after they so returned home, Miss Gunning did not go out of General Gunning's house for the remainder of the evening; and faith, that Miss Gunning did not use her own chair, or was carried by her chairmen, any part of the day or evening of the 6th of February last.

M. MINIFIE.

*Sworn before me this
29th of March,
1791.*

W. HYDE.

Middlesex, } THOMAS Volcot, otherwife Vul-
to wit. } kis (late valet to General Gun-
 ning) maketh oath and faith, That during the
 five years he lived with the General, he never
 was employed or desired by Miss Gunning to
 carry any letter or message, in a clandestine, or
 even secret manner, to any person or persons
 whatever.

THOMAS VULKIS.

*Sworn before me, one of his
 Majesty's Justices of the
 Peace for the said county,
 this 12th day of April,
 1791.*

GEO. REID.

Middlesex, } MARY Volcot (housekeeper and
to wit. } maid to Mrs. Gunning) maketh
 oath and faith, That she never was employed or
 desired by Miss Gunning to carry any letter or
 message in a clandestine, or even secret manner,
 to any person or persons whatever.

MARY VOLCUT,
otherwise VULKIS.

*Sworn before me this
 29th of March,
 1791.*

W. HYDE.

Mid-

Middlesex, } JOHN ALLOWAY, chairman to
to wit. } her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, maketh oath and faith, That on Sunday the sixth day of February last, between one and two of the clock in the afternoon, he, together with one Thomas Morgan, carried Miss Gunning from the Duchess's house, where she then was, to General Gunning's in the Duchess's chair; that she staid there a very short time, when this deponent and John Smethurst, another chairman of the Duchess of Bedford's, took her, in the same chair, to Argyll Street and back again to General Gunning's without the said Miss Gunning's leaving this deponent; the person on whom she intended to call in Argyll street not being at home. And deponent faith, he so returned with Miss Gunning to the General's house about three o'clock in the afternoon, and that she did not, whilst with him, go to any other place than above set forth.

JOHN ALLOWAY.

*Sworn before me, at the Public
 Office, Saint Martin's Street,
 this 26th day of March,
 1791.*

EDWARD READ.

Mid-

Middlesex, } JOHN SMETHURST, chairman
to wit. } to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, maketh oath and faith, That on Sunday the sixth day of February last, about two of the clock in the afternoon, he, together with one John Alloway, another chairman of the Duchess's, carried Miss Gunning from General Gunning's house in Saint James's Place, in the Duchess's chair, to Argyll Street and back again to General Gunning's, without the said Miss Gunning's leaving this deponent; the person on whom she intended to call in Argyll Street not being at home. And deponent faith, he so returned with Miss Gunning to the General's house about three o'clock in the afternoon, and that she did not, whilst with him, go to any other place than above set forth.

JOHN SMETHURST.

*Sworn before me, at the Public
 Office, Saint Martin's Street,
 this 26th day of March,
 1791.*

EDWARD READ.

Middlesex, } HANNAH HAYLES, maid to
to wit. } Miss Gunning, (being first shewn a copy of an affidavit of William Pearce, groom to General Gunning, stated to have been sworn before John Ord, Esq. the twenty-first day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-

ninety-one) maketh oath and faith, That she never, either by the direction of Miss Gunning, or otherwise, went to said Pearce, and requested him to go to Miss Gunning, for the purposes stated in the first part of his affidavit, or for any other purposes whatever; nor did she ever go to General Gunning's house, or any other place, to said Pearce, and shew him a paper, as from Miss Gunning, mentioning that if he, Pearce, would take his oath that he had not delivered the papers which had been delivered him by General Gunning, (as stated in his affidavit) to Miss Gunning, that she, Miss Gunning, would settle twenty pounds a year upon him for life; that he might go to Wales or where he pleased, and she would pay him quarterly, as sworn by said Pearce in his affidavit, or did she ever converse with said Pearce in any manner on such a subject. And deponent farther saith, she has lived with Miss Gunning ever since she was eight years of age, and during that time never was employed or desired by her to carry any letter or message, in a clandestine or even a secret manner, to any person or persons whatever.

HANNAH HAYLES.

Sworn before me, at the Public

Office, Saint Martin's Street,

this 28th day of March,

1791.

EDWARD READ.

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Mid-

Middlesex, } JOHN DEAN, footman to Miss
to wit. } Gunning, (being first shewn a copy
of an affidavit of William Pearce, groom to General Gunning, stated to have been sworn before John Ord, Esq. the twenty-first day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one) maketh oath and faith, That he never saw Miss Gunning, whilst he was attending behind her carriage, or in any other way, call to or converse with the said William Pearce in the street, or in any other place, nor did he ever stop the coach she was in to speak to her about any conversation that had passed in his hearing, or even converse with said Pearce in the way he has sworn in his affidavit, or in any manner tending thereto. And this deponent farther says, (being, likewise, shewn a copy of an affidavit of Mary Crane, servant to Captain Bowen, stated to have been sworn the seventeenth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, before William Addington, Esq.) that he did not, on the first day of February last, or at any other time, deliver a packet at said Bowen's lodgings, from Miss Gunning or any other person, saying, "that no answer should be sent, for that Miss Gunning would either call herself on Mrs. Bowen, or that he, the said John, would come in the course of the day for an answer," as sworn by said Crane, or did any conversation, in the least
shape

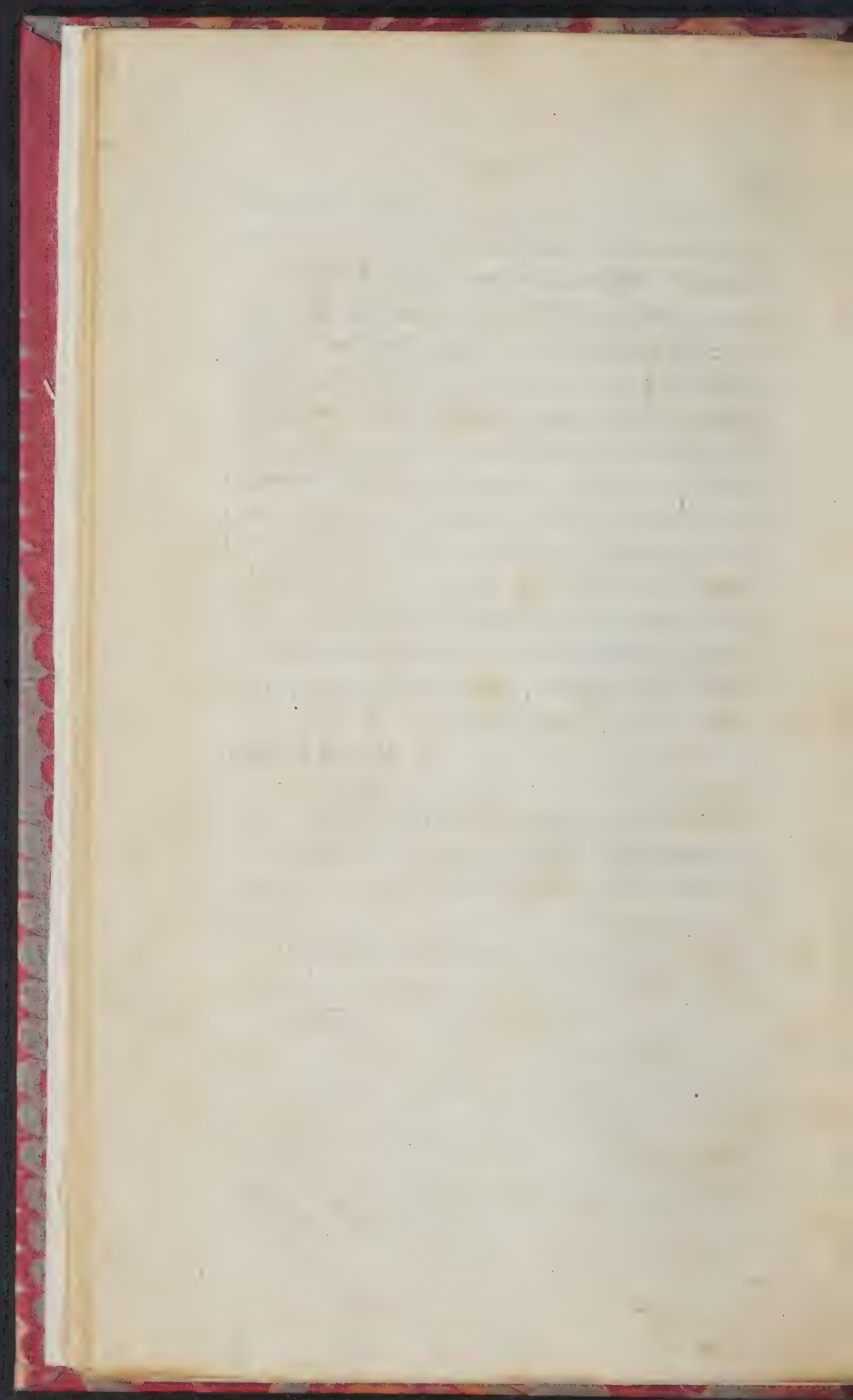
shape like unto the above, pass between this deponent and any person at said Bowen's or elsewhere. And this deponent farther saith, that he always attends Miss Gunning on her visits, and that he never, at any time, saw her at said Bowen's lodgings, or even stop at his house, but when Mrs. Gunning and Miss Minifie were with her, and called to carry said Bowen's wife in the carriage to their house, or ever stop any person or persons in the street, to give any letter or note whatever; and that he has lived with the said Miss Gunning three years, and during that time, never was employed or desired by her to carry any letter or message in a clandestine, or even secret manner, to any person or persons whatever.

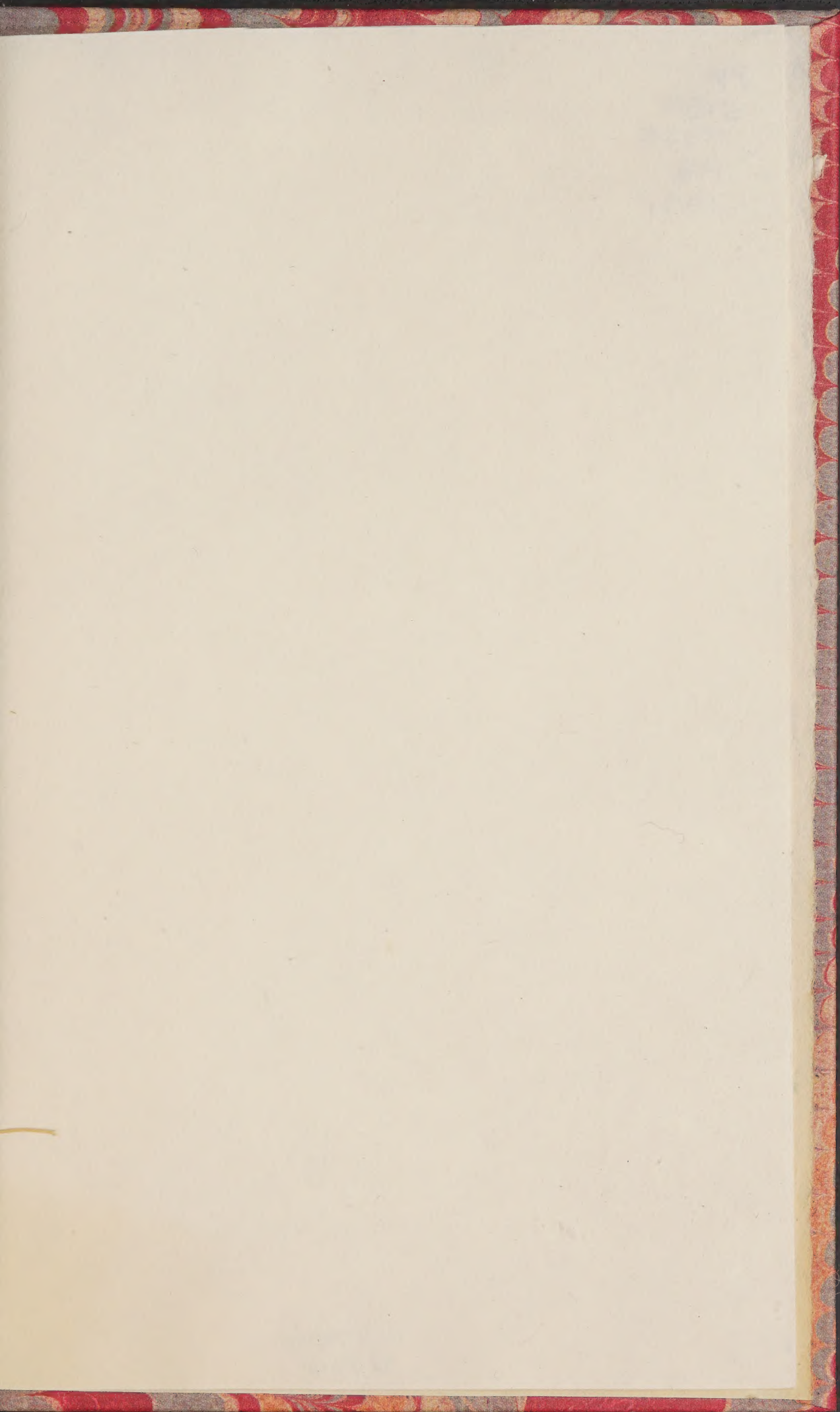
JOHN DEAN.

*Sworn before me, at the Public
Office, Saint Martin's Street,
this 28th day of March,
1791.*

EDWARD READ.

THE END,





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